POEMS.

Written by the Right Reverend

Dr. *RICHARD CORBET*,

LATE

Lord Biſhop of *Norwich*.

The Third Edition, corrected and enlarged.

LONDON:

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To the Honorable and truly Noble, Sir *Edmund Bacon* of *Redgrave-Hall* in the County of *Suffolk*, Baronet.

SIR,

Epistles are generally (or at least ought to be) as useful, as ornamental; insomuch that a Treatise published without one, seems castrated of one of its most necessary members. This Tractate is the Issue of a Reverend and Learned Bishop, who once sate in the See

of Norwich, *in whoſe Diocеſs your Noble Appartment of* Redgrave-Hall *is ſcituate; to you therefore, Noble Sir, this Piece comes for Patronage, under whoſe Protection it is reſolv'd, once more, to appear upon the publick ſtage of the World, more perfect and correct than ever. The very Name of* Bacon *is ſo famous in our* Britiſh Iſle, *that it ſtands not in need of the weak ſupport of Applauſe; for it proclaims at once your Merit and Ingenuity, being deſcended from ſo many noble Anceſtors; among whom, give me leave to take notice of the worthy Sir* Nicholas Bacon, *Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of* England *in the time of Queen* Elizabeth,

beth, *who continued in that Honorable Employment the ſpace of twenty years compleat; whoſe eldeſt Son, Sir* Nicholas Bacon *of* Redgrave *in* Suffolk *(your late Noble and deſerving Predeceſſor) was the firſt that had the* Honor *of Baronet conferred upon him by King* James: *Sir* Francis Bacon, *the famous Philoſopher, our Engliſh* Plato, *and your own near Relation, was Lord Chancellour of* England, *and afterwards, by his Majeſty premention'd, Created* Viſcount St. Albans. *Thus, Sir, being ſo Nobly Deſcended from Perſons of that Eminency for Exquiſite Parts, and Honorary Employments, I did preſume to make this Ad-*

dress to you, and to present you with this Poem, *the Work of an Eminent Divine; and the most Pious of the Clergie have made use of that innocent Art of Poesie, not only for their pleasant Diversion, but their most fervent Devotion. My own Inclination was ever to avoid Prolixity, and my Duty forbids me to touch too much upon your Desert (too copious a subject for an* Epistolar *Address) lest I offend your known Native Modesty. Therefore there remains nothing more for me, but to beg your Pardon for this Attempt; and conclude with this Oraison: May You, Noble Sir, be Blessed with an uninterrupted smooth Prosperity, without the*

least

leaſt Frown of peeviſh adverſe Fortune: May You and Yours enjoy length of days, ſweetned with Health, and ſeaſoned with Abundance; and after this Life, that felicity, which is ſo boundleſs, as to nonplus Rhetorick it ſelf to expreſs what it is, and torture the ſtrongeſt Imagination to conceive it: This is the cordial deſire and hearty Prayer of him that ſubſcribes himſelf,

Your moſt humble and

devoted Servant,

Will. Crooke.

An Advertiſement.

UPon the Reprinting of theſe *Poems*, diligent ſearch was made to perfect them (which were very imperfectly Printed before). Although in this Edition there be but few new *Poems*, yet you may finde many of them more perfect than before; for in ſome there is ſix, in others four, and in many two Lines added (out of perfecter Copies) which were left out in the former Impreſſions: Alſo all other Faults are diligently Examined and Corrected; ſo that now you have as perfect as I can get them, The Elegant and Ingenious *Poems* of that Learned Divine, Dr. *Richard Corbet*, who was made Dean of *Chriſt-Church* in *Oxford* in the year 1620, in which Place he continued until he was Conſecrated Biſhop of *Oxford* in 1628, and was in 1632 tranſlated to the See of *Norwich*, of which Dioceſs he did remain Biſhop until his dying day, which was in 1635.

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POEMS.

Iter Boreale.

FOur Clerks of *Oxford*, Doctors two and two,
That would be Doctors, having leſs to do
With *Auſtin*, than with *Galen*, in Vacation
Chang'd Studies, and turn'd Books to recreation:
And on the tenth of *Auguſt*, Northward bent,
A Journey not ſo ſoon conceiv'd as ſpent.
The firſt half day they rode, they light upon
Noble Clergy Hoſt, (a) *Kitt Middleton*;

a Aſhton *on the Wall, Mr.* Middletons *Benefice.*

Who numbring out good Diſhes with good Tales,
The major part o'th' chear weigh'd down the ſcales;
And though the count'nance make the feaſt, ſay Books,
We nere found better welcom with worſe looks:
Here we paid thanks, and parted, and at night
Had entertainment all in one mans right,
At *Flowre*, (b) a Village, where our Tenant ſhe
Sharp as a Winter-morning, fierce, yet free,
With a lean Viſage, like a carved Face
On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place;
She pleas'd us well, but yet her Husband better,
A (a) hearty Fellow, and a good Bone-ſetter:
Now whether it were providence or luck,
Whether the Keepers or the Stealers Buck;
There we had Ven'ſon, ſuch as *Virgil* ſlew,
When he would feaſt *Æneas* and his crew:
Here we conſum'd a day, and the next morn,
To *Daintry* with a Land-wind we were born;
It was the Market, and the Lecture-day,
For Lecturers ſell Sermons, as the Lay

b Flower *in Northamptonſhire, Dr.* Huttons *Benefice.*
a *Ned Hale.*

Do

Do Sheep and Oxen, have their ſeaſon juſt,
For both their Markets; there we drank down duſt.
I'th' interim comes a moſt officious (b) drudge,
His face and gown draw'd out with the ſame budge,
His pendant Pouch, which was both large and wide,
Look'd like a Letters-patents by his ſide:
He was as awful, as he had been ſent
From *Moſes* with the eleventh Commandement;
And one of us he ſought, a man of *Flower*
He muſt bid ſtand, and challenge for an hour:
The Doctors both were quitted of their fear,
The one was hoarſe, the other was not there;
Therefore him of the two he ſeiſed beſt
Able to anſwer him of all the reſt,
Becauſe he needs but ruminate that ore,
Which he had chew'd the Sabbath day before:
For though we were reſolv'd to do him right,
For Maſter *Bayleys* (c) ſake, and Maſter *Wright*;
Yet he diſſembl'd that the Mace did err,
For he nor Deacon was, nor Miniſter.

b *A Sergeant.*
c *The Miniſter of Daintry.*

No (quoth the Serjeant) ſure then by relation,
You have a Licenſe, Sir, or Toleration;
And if you have no Orders, 'tis the better,
So you have (a) *Dods* Precepts, or *Cleavers* Letter:
Thus looking on his Mace, and urging ſtill,
'Twas Maſter *Wrights*, and Maſter *Baylys* will,
That he ſhould mount; at laſt he condeſcended
To ſtop the gap, and ſo the Treaty ended:
The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to Dine,
We all had Preachers wages, Thanks and Wine.
Our next dayes ſtage was (b) *Lutterworth*, a Town
Not willing to be noted, or ſet down
By any Traveller; for when we had been
Through at both ends, we could not find an Inn;
Yet for the Church ſake turn and light we muſt,
Hoping to finde one dram of (c) *Wickliffs* duſt;
But we found none, for underneath the Pole,
No more reſts of his Body, than his Soul:
Abuſed Martyr, how haſt thou been torn
By two wilde Factions! firſt the *Papiſts* burn

a *Miniſter of Banbury.*
b *Lutterworth, a Town in Leiceſterſhire.*
c *Who lyes buried in the Pariſh-Church.*

Thy

Thy Bones for hate, the *Puritans* in zeal
Do ſell thy Marble, and thy Braſs they ſteal.
A (d) Parſon met us there, who had great ſtore
Of Livings, ſome ſay, but of Manners more;
In whoſe ſtreight cheerful Age a man might ſee
Well-govern'd Fortune, Bounty, Wiſe and Free;
He was our Guide to *Læiſter*, ſave one mile,
There was his Dwelling, where we ſtay'd a while
And drank ſtale Beer, I think was never new,
Which the dun Wench that brought it us did brew.
And now we are at *Læiſter*, where we ſhall
Leap o're ſix Steeples and an Hoſpital
Twice told; thoſe Land-marks wholly I refer
To *Camdens* eye, *Englands* Chorographer;
Let me obſerve the Alms-mens Herauldry,
Who being ask'd what *Henry* that ſhould be
That was their Founder Duke of *Lancaſter*?
Anſwer'd, 'Twas *John* of *Gaunt*, I aſſure you Sir:
And ſo confuted all their Walls that ſaid,
Henry of *Richmond* this Foundation laid.

d *Parſon of Heathcot.*

The next thing to be noted was our Chear,
Enlarg'd with seven and six pence Bread and Beer.
But O you wretched Tapsters as you are,
Who reckon by your Number, not your Fare;
And set false figures for all Companies,
Abusing innocent Meals, with oaths and lyes:
Forbear your cous'nage to Divines that come,
Lest they be thought to drink all that you sum.
Spare not the Laity in your reckoning thus,
But sure your theft to us is scandalous.
Away my Muse from this base Subject, know
Thy *Pegasus* nere struck his foot so low.
Is not th' usurping *Richard* buried here,
That King of hate, and therefore Slave of fear;
Drag'd from the fatal Field, *Bosworth*, where he
Lost Life, and what he liv'd for, Cruelty?
Search, finde his Name, but there is none; O Kings,
Remember whence Your Power and Vastnesse springs;
If not as *Richard* now, so may you be,
Who hath no Tomb, but Scorn and Memorie.

And

And though from his own ſtore (a) *Wolſey* might have
A Palace, (b) or a Colledge for his Grave;
Yet here he lyes interr'd, as if that all
Of him to be remembred were his Fall:
Nothing but earth to earth, nor pompous weight
Upon him, but a pebble or a quoyt.
If thou art thus neglected, what ſhall (c) we
Hope after Death, that are but ſhreds of thee?
Hold! *William* calls to Horſe, *William* is he,
Who though he never ſaw threeſcore and three,
Ore-reckon'd us in Age, as he before
In Drink, and will bate nothing of fourſcore;
And he Commands, as if the Warrant came
From the great Earl himſelf, to *Notingham*:
There we croſs *Trent*, and on the other ſide
Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as up-hill we ride.
Where we obſerv'd the cunning men like Moles,
Dwelt not in (d) Houſes, but were earth'd in holes.
So did they not build upwards, but dig thorough,
As *Hermits* Caves, or *Coneys* do their Borough.

a *Cardinal* Woolſey *buried there.*
b *Whitehall and Chriſt-Church.*
c *Students in Chriſt-Church.* d *Houſes in the Rocks.*

Great Underminers ſure as any where,
Tis thought the Powder-Traytors practis'd there.
Would you not think that men ſtood on their heads,
When Gardens cover Houſes there, like Leads;
And on the Chimnyes-top, the Maid may know
Whether her Pottage boyl, or not, below;
There caſt in Herbs, or Salt, or Bread; her Meat
Contented rather with the Smoak than Heat?
This was the Rocky Pariſh, higher ſtood
Churches and Houſes, Buildings, Stone and Wood;
Croſſes not yet demoliſh'd, and our (a) Lady,
With her Arms on, embracing her whole Baby:
Where let us note, Though theſe be Northern parts,
The (b) Croſs findes in them more than Southern hearts.
The Caſtle 's next, but what ſhall we report
Of that which now is Ruine, was a Fort?
The Gates, two Statues keep, which (c) Gyants are,
To whom, it ſeems, committed is the care

a *Croſſes in Nottingham.*
b *The ruined Caſtle.* c *Guy and Colebrand.*

Of

Of the whole Downfal; if it be your fault,
If you are guilty, may King (a) *Davids* Vault,
Or (b) *Mortimers* dark Cell, contain you both;
A juſt Reward for ſo prophane a ſloath:
And if hereafter Tydings ſhall be brought
Of any Place or Office to be bought;
And your left Lead, or unwedg'd Timber yet,
Shall paſs by your conſent to Purchaſe it:
May your deformed Bulks endure the edge
Of Axes, feel the Beetle and the Wedge;
May all the Ballads be call'd in and die,
That ſing the Wars of *Colebrand* and Sir *Guy*.
O ye that do *Guild-Hall* and *Holmeby* keep
So carefully, when both the Founders ſleep;
You are good Gyants, and partake no ſhame
With theſe two worthleſs Trunks of *Nottingham*:
Look to your ſev'ral Charges, we muſt go,
Though griev'd at heart to leave a Caſtle ſo.
The (c) *Bull-head* is the Word, and we muſt eat,
No Sorrow can deſcend ſo low as Meat:

a *Where David King of Scots was kept a Priſoner.*
b *Which is within the Caſtle.*
c *In Nottingham.*

So to the Inn we came, where our beſt Cheer,
Was, that his Grace of *York* had lodged there.
He was objected to us when we call,
Or diſlike ought, my Lords Grace anſwers all;
He was contented with this Bed, this Diet,
This keeps our diſcontented Stomacks quiet.
The Inn-keeper was old, fourſcore almoſt,
Indeed an Emblem, rather than an Hoſt;
In whom we read how God and Time decree
To honour thrifty Hoſtlers, ſuch as he;
For in the Stable firſt he did begin,
Now ſee he is ſole Lord of the whole Inn.
Mark the increaſe of Straw, and Hay, and how
By thrift, a Bottle may become a Mow;
Mark him all ye that have the golden Itch,
All whom God hath condemned to be rich:
Farewel glad Father of thy Daughter Mayreſs,
Thou Hoſtler *Phœnix*, thy example rare is.
We are for *Newark* after this ſad talk,
And thither 'tis no Journey, but a Walk;
Nature is wanton there, and the High-way
Seem'd to be private, though it open lay;

As

As if ſome ſwelling Lawyer for his health,
Or frantick Uſurer to tame his wealth,
Had choſen out two miles by *Trent*, to try
Two great effects of Art and Induſtry:
The ground we tread is Meadow, fertile Land,
New trimm'd, and levell'd by the Mowers hand;
Above it grew a Rock, rude, ſteep, and high,
Which claims a kind of rev'rence from the Eye:
Betwixt them both there ſlides a lively Stream,
Not loud, but ſwift: *Meander* was a Theam
Crooked and rough; but had thoſe Poets ſeen
Streight even *Trent*, it had immortal been:
This ſide the open Plain admits the Sun,
To half the River which did open run;
The other half ran Clouds, where the curl'd Wood,
With his exaled head, threatned the Flood:
Here I could wiſh us ever paſſing by,
And never paſt: Now *Newark* is too nigh;
And as a *Chriſtmaſs* ſeems a day but ſhort,
Deluding times with Revels, and good ſport:
So did this beautious mixture us beguile,
And the whole twelve being travel'd, ſeem'd one mile.

Now

Now as the Way was ſweet, ſo was the End ;
Our Paſſage eaſie, and our Prize a (a) Friend :
Whom there we did enjoy, and for whoſe ſake,
As for a kind of purer Coyn, men make
Us lib'ral Welcom with ſuch Harmony,
As the whole Town had been his Family.
Mine Hoſt of the next Inn did not repine
That we prefer'd the Hart, and paſt his Signe :
And where we lay, the Hoſt and Hoſteſs fain
Would ſhew our loves were aim'd at, not their gain.
The very Beggars were ſo ingenuous,
They rather Pray for him, than Beg of us ;
And ſo the Doctors Friends be pleas'd to ſtay,
The *Puritans* will let the (b) Organs play.
Would they pull down the Gallery builded new,
With the Churchwardens Seat, and *Burleigh* Pew ?
Newark for Light, and Beauty, might compare
With any Church, but what Cathedrals are :
To this belongs a (c) Vicar, who ſucceeded
The Friend I mention'd, ſuch a one there needed ;

a *Dr. Jacks.* b *New Church.*
c *Mr. Maſon.*

A Man whoſe Life and Tongue is Eloquent,
Able to Charm thoſe Mutinous Heads of *Trent*,
And urge the Canon home, when they conſpire
Againſt the Croſs and Bells with Sword and Fire.
There ſtood a Caſtle too; they ſhew us here
The place where the King ſlept, the Window where
He talk'd with ſuch a Lord, how long he ſtay'd
In his Diſcourſe, and all but what he ſaid.
From whence, without a Proſpective, we ſee
Bever and *Lincoln*, where we fain would be,
But that our Purſe, and Horſes too were bound
Within the compaſs of a narrower ground.
Our purpoſe is all Homeward, and 'twas time
At parting, to have Wit, as well as Wine.
Full three a Clock, and twenty miles to ride,
Will ask a ſpeedy Horſe, and a ſure Guide:
We wanted both, and *Loughborrough* may glory,
Error hath made it famous in our ſtory.
'Twas Night, and the ſwift Horſes of the Sun,
Two hours before our Jades their Race had run;
Nor Pilot, Moon, nor any ſuch kind Star,
As guided thoſe Wiſe men that came from far

To holy *Bethlem*; ſuch Lights had they bin,
They would ſoon have convey'd us to an Inn:
But all were wandring Stars, and we as they
Were taught no courſe, but to ride on and ſtray:
When Oh the fate of darkneſs, who hath try'd it,
Here our whole Fleet is ſcatter'd, and divided!
And now we labour more to meet, than erſt
We did to lodge, the laſt cryes down the firſt;
Our voices are all ſpent, and they that follow,
Can now no longer track us by the hollow:
They curſe the foremoſt, we the hindmoſt, both
Accuſing with like patience, haſte, and ſloth.
At laſt upon a little Town we fall,
Where ſome for Drink, ſome for a Candle call:
Unhappy we! ſuch ſtraglers as we are,
Admire a Candle oftner than a Star;
We care not for thoſe glorious Lights aloof,
Give us a tallow Candle, a dry Roof.
And now we have a Guide, wee'll ceaſe to chaſe,
Now we have time to pray the reſt be ſaſe;
Our Guide before cryes Come, and we the whiles
Ride blindfold, and take Bridges to be Styles,

Till

Till at the laſt we overcome the dark,
And ſpight of Night and Error hit the mark:
Some half hour after enters the whole Tayl,
As if they were committed to the Jayl:
The (a) Conſtable that took 'em thus divided,
Made 'em ſeem apprehended, and not guided;
Where when we had our Fortunes both deteſted,
Compaſſion made us Friends, and ſo we reſted:
'Twas quickly morning, though by our ſhort ſtay,
We could not find that we had leſs to pay;
All (b) Travellers theſe heavy judgments hear,
A handſom Hoſteſs makes a Reckoning dear:
Her ſmiles, her words, your Purſes muſt requite 'em,
And every welcom from her adds an Item.
Glad to be gon from hence, at any rate,
For *Boſworth* we are Hors'd: Behold the Fate
Of mortal men! Foul Error is a Mother,
And pregnant once, doth ſoon beget another:
We who laſt night did learn to loſe our way,
Are perfect ſince, and further out next day;

a *whom they had hired to direct them.*
b *Loughborrow.*

And in a (c) Foreſt having travell'd ſore,
Like wandring *Bevis* e're he found the Boar;
Or as ſome Love-ſick Lady oft hath done,
Before ſhe was reſcu'd by the Knight o' th' Sun;
So are we loſt, and meet no comfort then,
But Carts and Horſes, wiſer than the men:
Which is the way? They neither ſpeak, nor point,
Their Tongues and Fingers both are out of Joynt;
Such Monſters by *Cole-Herton* Banks there ſit,
After their Reſurrection from the Pit.
Whiles in this Mill we labour and turn round,
As in a Conjurers Circle, *William* found
A means for our delivery. Turn your Cloaks,
Quoth he, for *Puck* is buſie in theſe Oaks.
If ever ye at *Boſworth* will be found,
Then turn your Cloaks, for this is Fairy ground.
But e're this Witchcraft was perform'd, we meet
A very man, who had not cloven feet;
Though *William* ſtill of little Faith doth doubt,
'Tis *Robin*, or ſome Spirit walks about:

c *Leiceſter Foreſt.*

Strike

Strike him, quoth he, and it will turn to Air;
Croſs your ſelves thrice, & ſtrike him: Strike that dare
Thought I, for ſure this maſſie Forceſter,
In blows, will prove the better Conjurer:
But 'twas a gentle Keeper, one that knew
Humanity and Manners where they grew;
And rode along with us, till he could ſay,
Loe yonder *Boſworth* ſtands, and this your Way.
And now when we had ſweat, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
And eight miles long, to thirty broad had run;
We learn'd the juſt Proportion from hence,
Of the Diameter, and Circumference.
That Night made yet amends, our Meat, our Sheets,
Were far above the Promiſe of thoſe Streets;
Thoſe Houſes that weye Tyl'd with Straw and Moſs,
Promis'd but weak Repair for that dayes loſs
Of Patience; yet this out-ſide lets us know,
The worthy'ſt things make not the greateſt ſhow.
The ſhot was eaſie, and what concerns us more,
The Way was ſo, mine Hoſt did ride before:
Mine Hoſt was full of Ale, and Hiſtory,
And on the morrow when he brought us nigh

Where

Where the (a) *two Roſes* joyn'd, you would ſuppoſe,
Chaucer nere writ the *Romant* of the Roſe.
Hear him: See ye yond' Woods? there *Richard* lay
With his whole Army; look the other way,
And loe where *Richmond* in a bed of groſſe,
Encamp'd himſelf o're night with all his Force.
Upon this Hill they met; why, he could tell
The Inch where *Richmond* ſtood, where *Richard* fell:
Beſides, what of his knowledge he could ſay,
He had Authentick notice from the Play;
Which I might gueſs by's muſtring up the Ghoſts,
And Policies, not incident to Hoſts:
But chiefly by that one perſpicuous thing,
Where he miſtook a Player for a King;
For when he would have ſaid, King *Richard* dy'd,
And call'd a Horſe, a Horſe, he *Burbage* cry'd.
How e're his Talk, his Company pleas'd well,
His Mare went truer than his Chronicle;
And even for Conſcience ſake unſpurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us ſix miles, and turn'd tayl to *Nun-Eaton*:

a *Boſworth Field.*

From

From thence to *Coventry*, where we ſcarce Dine,
Only our Stomachs warm'd with Zeal and Wine;
And thence, as if we were predeſtin'd forth,
Like *Lot* from *Sodom*, flye to *Killingworth*.
The keeper of the Caſtle was from home,
So that half mile was loſt; yet when we come
An Hoſt receives us there, we ne're deny him,
My Lord of *Leiſters* man, the Parſon by him;
Who had no other proof to teſtifie
He ſerv'd the Lord, but Age and Bawdery.
Away for ſhame, why ſhould three miles divide
Warwick and us? They that have Horſes ride.
A ſhort mile from the Town, an humble (a) ſhrine,
At foot of a high Rock conſiſts in ſigne
Of *Guy* and his devotions, who there ſtands,
Ugly and huge, more than a man on 's hands;
His *Helmet* Steel, his *Gorget* Mayl, his *Shield*
Braſs, made the Chappel fearful as a Field.
And let this anſwer all the Popes complaints;
We ſet up Gyants, though we pull down Saints.

a *Guys Cliffe.*

Beyond

Beyond this in the Rode-way as we went,
A Pillar ſtands where this *Coloſſus* leant;
Where he would love, and ſigh, and for hearts eaſe,
Oft-times write Verſes, ſome ſay ſuch as theſe:

Here will I languiſh in this ſilly Bower,
While my Sweet-heart triumphs in yonder Tower.

No other hindrance now, but we may paſs
Clear to our Inn: Oh! there an Hoſteſs was,
To whom the Caſtle and the Dun Cow are
Sights after Dinner, ſhe is morning-ware:
Her whole Behaviour borrowed was and mixt,
Half Fool, half Puppet, and her Pace betwixt
Meaſure and Jigge; her Courtſie was an honour;
Her gate as if her Neighbours had out-gon her:
She was barr'd up in Whale-bones that did leeſe
None of the Whales length, for they reach'd her knees:
Off with her Head, and then ſhe hath a Middle,
As her Waſte ſtands, juſt like the new-found Fiddle,
The Favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell ye,
Whoſe Neck and Throat are deeper than the Belly:
Have you ſeen Monkeys chain'd about the Loyns,
Or Pottle-pots with Rings? Juſt ſo ſhe joyns

Her

Her ſelf together; a Dreſſing ſhe doth love,
In a ſmall Print below, and Text above.
What though her Name be *King*, yet 'tis no Treaſon,
Nor breach of Statute, to enquire the reaſon
Of her branch'd Ruff, a Cubit every poak
I ſeem to wend her, but ſhe ſtruck the ſtroak
At our departure, and our Worſhips there
Paid for our Titles dear, as any where.
Though Beadles and Profeſſors both have done,
Yet every Inn claims Augmentation:
Pleaſe you walk out and ſee the (a) Caſtle, Come,
The Owner ſaith, it is a Scholars home;
A Place of Strength and Health; in the ſame Fort
You would conceive a Caſtle and a Court;
The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers, and the Air,
May with the Trenches, Ramp'ers, Walls compare:
It ſeems no Art, no Force can intercept it,
As if a Lover built, a Soul'dier kept it:
Up to the Tower, though it be ſteep and high,
We do not clime, but walk; and though the eye

(a) *Warwick Caſtle.*

Seem

Seem to be weary, yet our Feet are ſtill
In the ſame poſture, couſned up the Hill;
And thus the workmans Art deceives our ſence,
Making thoſe Rounds of Pleaſure and Defence.
As we deſcend, the (b) Lord of all this Frame,
The Honourable Chancellour to us came;
Above the Hill there blew a gentle breath,
But now we feel a ſweeter gale beneath;
The phraſe and welcom of this Knight did make
The place more elegant: Each word he ſpake
Was Wine and Muſick, which he did expoſe
To us, if all our Art could cenſure thoſe:
With him there was a (c) Prelate, by his place
Arch-deacon to the Biſhop, by his Face
A greater man, for that did counterfeit
Lord Abbot of ſome Covent ſtanding yet.
A corpulent Relique, marry and 'tis ſin,
Some *Puritan* gets not that Face call'd in;
Amongſt lean Brethren it may ſcandal bring,
That look for parity in ev'ry thing:

b *Sir Fulke Grevile.*
c *Arch-deacon Burton.*

For

For us let him enjoy all that God ſends,
Plenty of Fleſh, of Livings, and of Friends.
Imagine us here ambling down the ſtreet,
Circling in *Flewes*, and making both ends meet,
Where we fare well four dayes, and did complain
Like Harveſt-folks of Weather and of Rain;
And on the Feaſt of *Bartholmew* we try
What Revels that Saint keeps at (a) *Banbury*.
I' th' Name of God Amen! Firſt to begin,
The Altar was converted to an Inn;
We lodged in the Chappel by the ſigne,
But in a Bank'rupt Tavern by the Wine:
Beſides, our Horſes uſage makes us think
'Twas ſtill a Church, (b) for they in Coffins drink;
As if 'twere congruous, that the Ancient'ſt lye
Cloſe by thoſe Altars in whoſe Faith they die:
Now you believe the Church hath great variety
Of Monuments, when Inns have ſuch ſociety;
But nothing leſs, there's no Inſcription there,
But the Church-wardens of the laſt paſt year;

a *Banbury, at the ſigne of the Altar-ſtone.*
b *which ſerve for Troughs in the back-ſide.*

Inſtead

Inſtead of Saints in Windows, and in Walls,
Here Buckets hang, and there a Cobweb falls:
Would you not think they love Antiquity,
Who bruſh their Quire for perpetuity,
Whilſt all the other Pavements and the Floor
Are ſupplicant to the Surveyors power
Of the High-wayes, that he would gravell'd keep
Them, or in Winter ſure they will be deep;
If not for God's, for Maſter *Wheatly*'s ſake,
Level the Walks; ſuppoſe theſe pit-falls make
Him ſprain a Lecture, or miſplace a joynt
In his long Prayer, or in his ſeventeenth point,
Think you the Daws and Stares can ſet him right?
Surely this ſin upon your heads will light;
And ſay, Beloved, what unchriſtian Charm
Is this, you have not left a Leg or Arm
Of an Apoſtle? Think you if thoſe were whole,
They would ariſe at laſt t' aſſume a Soul?
If not, 'tis plain all the Idolatry
Lyes in your Folly, not the Imag'ry.
'Tis well the Pinnacles are faln in twain,
For now the Devil ſhould he tempt again,

Hath

Hath no advantage of a place ſo high:
Fooles! he can daſh you from your Gallery,
Where all your Medly meets, and do compare
Not what you learn, but who was longeſt there;
The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptiſt*, *Browniſt*,
Like a Grand Sallad; *Tinkers*, What a Town is't?
The Croſſes alſo like old ſtumps of Trees,
Or Stools for Horſemen that have feeble Knees,
Carry no heads above ground: Thoſe which tell
That Chriſt hath nere deſcended into Hell,
But to the Grave, his Picture buried have
In a far deeper Dungeon than a Grave;
That is, Deſcended to endure what Pains
The Devil can think, or ſuch Diſciples Brains.
No more my Grief, in ſuch prophane Abuſes,
Good Whips make better Verſes than the Muſes:
Away, and look not back; away, while yet
The Church is ſtanding, while the benefit
Of ſeeing it remains, ſo long you ſhall
Have that rackt down, and call'd Apocryphall;
And in ſome Barn hear cited many an Author,
Kate Stubs, *Anne Aſcue*, or the Ladies Daughter,

Which ſhall be urg'd for Fathers: ſtop diſdain,
When *Oxford* once appears, Satan refrain.
Neighbours, how hath our Anger thus out-gon's?
Is not Saint *Gileſes* this, and that Saint *Johns*?
We are return'd; but juſt with ſo much Ore,
As *Rawleigh* from his Voyage, and no more.

Non vetito cuiquam niſi amicis, idque coactus
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet.

Hor. Ser. 1. Sat. 4.

R.

R. C.

WHen too much Zeal doth fire Devotion,
Love is not Love, but Superſtition:
Even ſo in Civil Duties, when we come
Too oft, we are not kind, but troubleſome.
Yet as the firſt is not Idolatry,
So is the laſt, but grieved Induſtry:
And ſuch was mine, whoſe ſtriſe to honour you
By overplus, hath rob'd you of your due.

AN ELEGY ON *Doctor* Ravis, *Bishop of* London.

WHen I pass *Pauls*, and travel in the Walk
Where all our *Brittish* Sinners Swear and Talk,
Old hairy Ruffins, Bankrupts, Southsayers,
And Youth, whose Cousenage is as old as theirs;
And there behold the Body of my Lord
Trod under-foot by Vice, which he abhor'd:
It wounded me, the Landlord of all times
Should let long Lives and Leases to their Crimes,
But to his saving Honours scarce afford
But so much Sun as to the Prophets Gourd:

Yet

Yet ſince ſwift Flights and Envy hath beſt end,
Like breath of Angels with a Bleſſing ſend,
And vaniſheth withal, while fouler Deeds
Expect a tedious Harveſt of bad Seeds;
I blame not Fame, and Nature, if they gave
Where they could add no more, the laſt a Grave:
And juſtly do thy grieved Friends forbear
Bubble, and Alabaſter Boyes to rear
O're thy Religious Duſt, but bid men know
Thy Life, which ſuch Illuſions cannot Show:
For thou haſt died amongſt thoſe happy ones,
Who truſt not in their Superſtitions;
Their hired Epitaphs, and perjur'd Stone,
Which oft belyes the Soul when ſhe is gone;
But durſt commit thy Body as it lies,
To Tongues of Living Men, not unborn Eyes.
What profits thee a ſheet of Lead, What good,
If on thy Corſe a Marble Quarry ſtood?
Let thoſe that fear their Riſing purchaſe Vaults,
And ſend their Statues to excuſe their Faults;
As if like Birds that pick at painted Grapes,
Their Judge knew not their perſons from their ſhapes:

Whilſt thou aſſured by thy eaſie Duſt,
Shalt ſpring at firſt; they would not, yet they muſt:
Nor need the (a) Chancellor boaſt, whoſe *Pyramis*
Above the Hoſt and Altar reared is;
For though thy Body fill a narrow room,
Thou ſhalt not change Deeds with him for his Tomb.

R. Corbet.

a *Lord Chancellor Hattons Tomb in the Quire.*

Doctor

Doctor R. Corbet's *ELEGY on his own Father.*

Vincent Corbet, farther known
By *Pointers* Name than by his own,
Here lies engaged, till the day
Of raising Bones, and quickning Clay:
No wonder, Reader, that he hath
Two Sir-names in one Epitaph;
For this one doth comprehend
All that both Families could lend:
And if to know more Art than any,
Could multiply One into Many;
Here a Colony lies then,
Both of Qualities and Men.
Years he liv'd were near Fourscore;
But count his Vertues, he liv'd more.
And number him by doing Good,
He liv'd the Age before the Flood.

Should we undertake his Story,
Truth would ſeem feign'd, and feign'dneſs Glory :
Beſides the Tablet were too ſmall,
Adding the Pillars and the Wall.
Yet of this Volume much, if found,
Writ in many a Fertile Ground,
Where the Printer there affords,
Earth for Paper, Trees for Words.
He was Natures Factor here,
And Leiger large for every Shire ;
To ſupply the ingenious wants
Of ſome Spring-Fruits, and Forrain Plants.
Simple he was, and withal,
His Purſe not Baſe, nor Prodigal ;
Poorer in Subſtance than in Friends,
Future and Publick were his ends.
His Conſcience like his Diet, ſuch
As neither Took nor Left too much :
So the made Laws needleſs grown
To him, he needed but his own.
Did he his Neighbour bid like thoſe,
That Feaſt them, only to Encloſe ?

Or

Or with their Roaſt-meat rack their Rents,
And Couzen them with their Fed Conſents?
No, the free meeting of his Board
Did but one Liberal Senſe afford;
No Cloſe or Aker underſtood,
But only Love and Neighbourhood.
His Alms were ſuch as *Paul* defines,
Not Cauſes to be ſaid, but Signes;
Which Alms by Faith, Hope, Love, laid down
Laid up what now he wears, a Crown.
Beſides his Fame, his Goods, his Life,
He left a grieved Son and Wife;
Strange Sorrow, ſcarce to be believ'd,
When as a Son and Heir is griev'd.
Read then and mourn, what ere thou art,
That do'ſt hope to have a part
In honeſt Epitaphs; leſt being Dead,
Thy Life be Written, and not Read.

R. Corbet.

On the Death of Maſter Rice, *Manciple of Chriſt-Chriſt.*

WHo can doubt *(Rice)* to what eternal place
Thy Soul is fled, that did but know thy Face!
Whoſe Body was ſo light, it might have gone
To Heaven without a Reſurrection:
Indeed thou wert all Type, thy Limbs were Signes,
They Arteries but Mathematick Lines;
As if two Souls had made the Compound good,
Which both ſhould live by Faith, & none by Blood.

R. C.

To his Son,

VINCENT CORBET.

WHat I ſhall leave thee none can tell,
But all ſhall ſay I wiſh thee well;
I wiſh thee *(Vin)* before all Wealth,
Both Bodily and Ghoſtly Health:
Nor too much Wealth, nor Wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wiſh thee Learning, not for ſhow,
Enough for to inſtruct, and know;
Not ſuch as Gentlemen require,
To prate at Table, or at Fire.
I wiſh thee all thy Mothers Graces,
Thy Fathers Fortunes, and his Places.
I wiſh thee Friends, and one at Court,
Not to build on, but ſupport;

To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppreſſions, but from ſuffering any.
I wiſh thee Peace in all thy ways,
Nor Lazy nor Contentious days;
And when thy Soul and Body part,
As Innocent as now thou art.

R. Corbet.

An

An ELEGY *on the late Lord* William Howard, *Baron of* Effingham.

Died the 10*th of* Decemb. 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor do I ſtrive
To win Acceſs, or Grace, with Lords alive:
The Dead I ſerve, from whence nor Faction can
Move me, nor Favour; nor a Greater Man.
To whom no Vice commends me, nor Bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warns, nor Portion ſpent;
To theſe I Dedicate as much of Me,
As I can ſpare from my own Husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walk, as they were wont to do,
I Trade for ſome, and do theſe Errands too.
But firſt I do enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What Tryals in their Journeys they endur'd;

What

What certainties of Honour and of Worth,
Their moſt uncertain Life-times have brought forth
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my Patron, dy'd he Rich or Poor.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his Peace,
When Flattery and Envy both do ceaſe)
Who rul'd his Actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole Man rely upon a Word,
A badge of Title, or above all Chance,
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognizance?
What did he? Acts of Mercy, and refrain
Oppreſſion in himſelf, and in his Train?
Was his Eſſential Table full as free
As Boaſts and Invitations uſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-Friend did chance to Dine,
Whether his Satten-Man would fill him Wine?
Did he think Perjury as lov'd a ſin,
Himſelf forſworn, as if his Slave had been?
Did he ſeek Regular Pleaſures? Was he known
Juſt Husband of one Wife, and ſhe his own?
Did he give freely without Pauſe, or Doubt,
And read Petitions ere they were worn out?

Or ſhould his well-deſerving *Client* ask,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maſque
To keep need vertuous? And that done, not fear
What Lady damn'd him for his Abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no Mans Fall?
Wore he the Ruine of no Hoſpital?
And when he did his Rich Apparel don,
Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on?
Did he love ſimple Vertue for the thing?
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But above all, Did his Religion wait
Upon God's Throne, or on the Chair of State?
He that is guilty of no *Query* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-lives his Heir.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad;
Who but this Negative Goodneſs ever had?
Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the Birth,
He's rather in the Womb, than on the Earth.
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a Publick fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a Name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.

Nor

Nor was it modeſt in thee to Depart
To thy Eternal Home, where now thou art,
Ere thy Reproach was ready; or to Die,
Ere Cuſtom had prepar'd thy Calumny.
Eight days have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy Debt
To Sin, and not a Libel ſtirring yet;
Courtiers that ſcoff by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of Slander or of Wit;
But (which is Monſtrous) though againſt the Tyde,
The Water-men have neither rayl'd nor ly'd.
Of Good or Bad there's no diſtinction known,
For in thy Praiſe the Good and Bad are One.
It ſeems, we all are Covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a Purchaſe of Good Name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are careful to Increaſe
Our Title, by the holding of ſome Leaſe
From thee our Landlord, & for that th' whole crew
Speak now like Tenants, ready to renew.
It were too Sad to tell thy Pedegree,
Death hath diſordered all, miſplacing thee;
Whilſt now thy Herauld in his Line of Heirs,
Blots out thy Name, and fills the ſpace with Tears.

And

And thus hath Conqu'ring Death, or Nature rather,
Made thee Prepoſtrous Ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th' art ſo, and like a glorious Light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would Write,
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral.
Let others Write for Glory or Reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

R. Corbet.

AN EPITAPH ON *Doctor* Donne, *Dean of* Pauls.

HE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy Worth, thy Life, but he that hath liv'd ſo.
He muſt have Wit to ſpare, and to hurl down
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town;
He muſt have Learning plenty, both the Laws
Civil and Common, to judge any Cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore, above the reſt,
Not of the laſt Edition, but the beſt.

He

He muſt have Language, Travel, all the Arts,
Judgment to uſe, or elſe he wants thy Parts:
He muſt have Friends the higheſt, able to do
Such as *Mecænas* and *Auguſtus* too.
He muſt have ſuch a Sickneſs, ſuch a Death,
Or elſe his vain Deſcriptions come beneath:
Who then ſhall write an Epitaph for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt; let 't alone for me.

R. Corbet.

Upon

Upon Miſtris Mallet, *an unhandſome Gentlewoman, that made love unto him.*

HAve I renounc'd my Faith? or baſely ſold
Salvation, or my Loyalty for Gold?
Have I ſome Foreign practice undertook,
By Poyſon, Shot, ſharp Knife, or ſharper Look
To kill my King? Have I betray'd the State
To Fire or Fury, or ſome newer Fate?
Which learned Murth'rers, thoſe grand Deſtinies,
The Jeſuites have Nurſt; If of all theſe
I Guilty am, Proceed, I am Content
That *Mallet* take me, for my Puniſhment.
For never Sin was of ſo high a rate,
But one Nights Hell with thee might expiate:
Although the Law with *Garnet*, and the reſt,
Dealt far more mildly, Hanging's but a Jeſt

To

To this Immortal Torture: Had she been
In Martyrs Torrid days engend'red, when
Cruelty was Witty, and Invention Free,
Did live by Blood, and thrive by Cruelty;
She would have been more horrid Engine far,
Then Fire or Famine, Rack or Halters are.
Whether her Wit, Form, Talk, Smile, Tire I name,
Each is a stock of Tyranny and Shame.
But for her Breath, Spectators, come not nigh,
That lays about, God bless the Company.
The Man in a Bears-skin baited to Death,
Would chuse the Dogs much rather than her Breath.
One Kiss of hers, and eighteen Words alone,
Puts down the *Spanish* Inquisition.
Thrice-happy we (quoth I, thinking thereon)
That see no days of Persecution.
For were it free to Kill, this grisly Elf
Would Martyrs make in compass of her self;
And were she not prevented by our Prayer,
By this time she corrupted had the Air.
And am I Innocent? and is it true,
That thing which our old *Pliny* never knew?

Nor

Nor *Affrick*, *Nile*, nor ever *Hackluits* eyes
Deſcri'd in all his Eaſt, Weſt-Voyagies:
That thing which Poets were afraid to feign,
For fear her Shadow ſhould infect their Brain,
This Spouſe of Antichriſt, and his alone,
She's dreſt ſo like the Whore of *Babylon*,
Should dote on me? As if they ſhould contrive
The Devil and She to damn a Man alive.
Why doth not *Welcome* rather Purchaſe her,
And bear about this rare Familiar?
Six Market-days, a Wake, and a Fair to't,
Would bear his Charges, and the Ale to boot.
No Tyger's like her, ſhe feeds upon Man,
Worſe than a Tygreſſe or a Leopard can;
Let me go Pray, and think upon ſome Spell,
At once to bid the Devil and Her farewell.

R. Corbet.

ON

ON Great Tom OF CHRIST-CHURCH.

BE dum b ye infant-Chimes, thump not your mettle,
That ne're out-ring a Tinker and his Kettle;
Ceaſe all you petty Larums, for to day
Is young Tom's Reſurrection from the Clay:
And know, when Tom rings out his Knells,
The beſt of you will be but Dinner-Bells.
Old Tom 's grown young again, the fiery Cave
Is now his Cradle, that was erſt his Grave:
He grew up quickly from his Mother Earth,
For all you ſee was but an Hours Birth;

Look

Look on him well, my Life I dare engage,
You ne're ſaw prettier Baby of his Age.
Some take his Meaſure by the Rule, ſome by
The *Jacobs*-Staff take his Profundity,
And ſome his Altitude; but ſome do Swear
Young Tom's not like the Old: but Tom, ne're fear
The Critical Geometricians Line,
If thou as loud as e're thou did Ring'ſt Nine.
Tom did no ſooner peep from under-ground,
But ſtraight Saint *Maries* Tenor loſt his ſound:
O how this May-poles Heart did ſwell
With full main ſides of Joy, when that crackt Bell
Choakt with annoy, and's admiration,
Rung like a Quart-pot to the Congregation.
Tom went his Progreſs lately, and lookt o're
What he ne're ſaw in many years before;
But when he ſaw the Old Foundation,
With ſome like hope of Preparation,
He burſt with Grief, and leſt he ſhould not have
Due Pomp, he's his own Bell-man to the Grave:
And that there might of him be ſtill ſome mention
He carried to his Grave a new Invention;

The

They drew his Brown-bread-face on pretty Gins,
And made him Stalk upon two Rowling-pins;
But *Sander Hill* Swore twice or thrice by Heaven,
He ne're Set such a Loaf into the Oven.
And Tom did *Sanders* vex his Cyclops maker,
As much as he did *Sander Hill* the Baker;
Therefore loud thumping Tom, be this thy Pride,
When thou this Motto shalt have on thy Side.
Great World! one *Alexander* Conquer'd Thee,
And two as Mighty Men scarce Conquer'd Me.
Brave Constant Spirit, none could make Thee turn,
Though Hang'd, Drawn, Quarter'd, till they did
Thee Burn:
Yet not for this, nor ten times more be sorry,
Since Thou was Martyr'd for the Churches Glory;
But for Thy meritorious Suffering,
Thou shortly shalt to Heaven in a String:
And though we griev'd to see Thee Thump'd and
Bang'd,
We'll all be glad, Great Tom, to see thee Hang'd.

On John Dawſon, *Butler of* Chriſt-Church.

Dawſon the Butler 's dead ; although I think
Poets were ne're Infus'd with Single Drink,
I'll ſpend a Farthing Muſe, a Watry Verſe
Will ſerve the turn to caſt upon his Herſe.
If any cannot Weep amongſt us here,
Take off his Cup, and ſo ſqueeze out a Tear.
Weep O ye Barrels, let your Drippings fall
In trickling Streams, make Waſte more prodigal
Than when our Beer was Good, that *John* may float
To *Styx* in Beer, and lift up *Charons* Boat
With wholſome Waves : and as the Conduits ran
With Claret, at the Coronation ;
So let your Channels flow with Single Tiff,
For *John* I hope is Crown'd ; take off your Whiff

Ye

Ye Men of Roſemary, and drink up All,
Remembring 'tis a Butlers Funeral:
Had he been Maſter of good Double Beer,
My Life for his, *John Dawſon* had been here.

R. Corbet.

Doctor Corbet *againſt the Anniverſariſt.*

Ter circum Iliacos, raptaverat Hectora muros.

EVen ſo Dead *Hector* thrice was Triumph'd on
The Walls of *Troy*, thrice Slain when Fates had done;
So did the barbarous *Greeks* before their Hoſt,
Torment his Aſhes, and Prophane his Ghoſt;
At *Henries* Vault his Peace and Sacred Herſe
Are torn and batter'd by thy Anniverſe:
Waſt not enough Nature and Strength were Foes,
But thou muſt yearly Murther him in Proſe?
Or couldſt thou hope thy raving Phraſe could make
A louder Eccho than the Almanack?
Truſt me, *November* doth more gaſtly look
In *Dades* and *Swallows* penny, than thy Book;
A ſadder Record their fixt Figure bears,
Than thy falſe Printed and Ambitious tears;

For

For were it not for Chriſtmas which is nigh,
When Fruit, Spice, eaten and digeſted Pye
Call for more Paper, no man could make ſhift
How to imploy thy Writings to his thrift:
Wherefore forbear for pity, or for ſhame,
And bid ſome richer Pen redeem his Name
From Rottenneſs; leave thou him Captive, ſince
So vile a Price, ne're ranſom'd ſuch a Prince.

A Letter ſent from Doctor Corbet *to Sir* Thomas Ailesbury, Decemb. 9. 1618.

On the occaſion of a Blazing Star.

MY Brother and much more, hadſt thou been Mine,
Hadſt thou in one Rich Preſent of a Line
Inclos'd Sir *Francis*, for in all this Store,
No Gift can Coſt thee Leſs, or Binde me More;
Hadſt thou (dear Churle) imparted his Return,
I ſhould not with a Tardy Welcome burn;
But had let looſe my Joy at him long ſince,
Which now will ſeem but Studied Negligence:
But I forgive thee, two things kept thee from it,
Firſt ſuch a Friend to gaze on, next a Comet;

Which

Which Comet we diſcern, though not ſo true
As you at *Sion*, as long Tayl'd as you;
We know already how will ſtand the caſe,
With *Barnavell* of Univerſal Grace,
Though *Spain* deſerve the whole Star, if the fall
Be true of *Lerma* Duke and Cardinal:
Marry in *France*, we fear no Blood, but Wine;
Leſs danger 's in her Sword, than in her Vine.
And thus we leave the Blazers coming over,
For our Portents are wiſe, and end at *Dover*:
And though we uſe no forward Cenſuring,
Nor ſend our Learned Proctors to the King,
Yet every Morning when the Star doth Riſe,
There is no Black for three hours in our Eyes;
But like a *Puritan*-Dreamer, towards this Light
All Eyes turn upward, all are Zeal and White:
More it is doubtful that this Prodigy
Will turn ten Schools to one Aſtronomy:
And the Analyſis we juſtly fear,
Since every Art doth ſeek for Reſcue there;
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Glovers on the Stall,
The Shopkeepers ſpeak Mathematicks all;

And though Men read no Goſpels in theſe Signes,
Yet all Profeſſions are become Divines;
All Weapons from the Bodkin to the Pike,
The Maſons Rule, and Taylors Yard alike
Take Altitudes, and th' early Fidling Knaves,
On Fluits and Hoboyes made them *Jacobs*-Staves;
Laſtly of Fingers, Glaſſes we Contrive,
And every Fiſt is made a Proſpective:
Burton to *Gunter* Cants, and *Burton* hears
From *Gunter*, & th' exchange both Tongue & Ears
By Carriage: thus doth mired *Guy* Complain,
His Waggon in their Letters bears *Charles*-Wain,
Charles-Wain, to which they ſay the tayl will reach;
And at this Diſtance they both Hear and Teach.
Now for the Peace of God and Men, adviſe
(Thou that haſt where-withal to make us Wiſe)
Thine own rich Studies, and deep *Harriots* Mine,
In which there is no Droſs, but all Refine;
O tell us what to Truſt to, leſt we wax
All ſtiff and ſtupid with his Parallax:
Say, ſhall the old Philoſophy be true?
Or dork he ride above the Moon, think you?

Is he a Meteor forced by the Sun?
Or a firſt Body from Creation?
Hath the ſame Star beed object of the Wonder
Of our Forefathers? ſhall the ſame come under
The Sentence of our Nephews? Write and ſend,
Or elſe this Star a Quarrel doth portend.

Doctor Corbet *to the Lord* Mordant, *on his Return from the North.*

MY Lord, I do confeſs at the firſt News
Of your Return from Home, I did refuſe
To Viſit you, for fear the Northern Wind
Had pierc'd into your Manners, and your Mind;
For fear you might want Memory to forget
Some Arts of which might haunt you yet;
But when I knew you were, and when I heard
You were at *woodſtock* ſeen well Sun'd and Air'd,
That your Contagion in you now was ſpent,
And you were juſt Lord *Mordant* as you went,
I then Reſolv'd to come, and did not doubt
To be in Seaſon, though the Buck was out.
Windſor the place, the day was Holy rood,
Saint *George* my Muſe; for be it underſtood,

For

For all Saint *George* more early in the year
Broke-faſt, and eat a Bit, yet he Din'd here;
And though in *April* in Red Ink he ſhine,
Know't 'twas *September* made him Red with Wine.
To this good Sport rode I, as being allow'd
To ſee the King, and Cry Him in the Crowd;
And at all Solemn Meetings have the grace
To Thruſt, and to be Trod on by my Place.
Where when I come, I ſee the Church beſet
With Tumults, as had all the Brethren met
To hear ſome Silenc'd Teacher in that quarter,
Levelgh againſt the Order of the Garter:
And juſtly might the weak be griev'd and wrung,
Becauſe the Garter prays in a ſtrange Tongue,
And doth retain Traditions yet of *France*,
In an old [*Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*]
Whence learn (thoſe Knights that Order that have
taine)
That all beſides the Buckle is prophane:
But there was no ſuch Doctrine now at ſtake,
No ſtarv'd Phyſician from the Pulpit ſpake;

And

And yet the Church was full, all ſorts of Men,
Religions, Sexes, Ages were there then,
Whilſt he that keeps the Quire, together Locks
Papiſts and *Puritans*, the *Pope* and *Knox*:
Which made ſome wiſe-men fear, that love our nation,
This Mixture would beget a Toleration;
Or that Religion ſhould United be,
When they ſaid Service, theſe the Letany.
But no ſuch haſte, this days Devotion lies
Not in the Hearts of Men, but in their Eyes.
They that do ſee Saint *George*, hear him a right,
For he loves not to Parley, but to Fight.—
Amongſt this Audience (my Lord) ſtood I
Well Edified as any that ſtood by;
And knew how many Legs a Knight lets fall,
Betwixt the King, the Off'ring, and his Stall:
Ask me but of their Robes, I ſhall Relate
The Colour and the Faſhion, and the State:
I ſaw too the Proceſſion without Door,
What the poor Knights, & what the Prebends wore.
All this my Neighbours that were by me took,
Who div'd but in the Garment, and the Look;

But

But I ſaw more, and though I have their Fate
In Place and Favour, yet I want their Pate:
Me thought I then did theſe firſt Ages know,
Which brought forth Knights ſo arm'd, & looking ſo,
Who would maintain their Oath, & bind their Word
With theſe two Seals, an Altar and a Sword.
Then ſaw I *George* new Sainted, when ſuch Prieſts
Wore him not only on, but in their Breaſts:
Oft did I wiſh that Day, with open Vow,
O that my Countrey were in Danger now!
And 'twas no Treaſon; who could fear to Die
When he was ſure his Reſcue was ſo nigh?
And here I might a juſt Digreſſion make,
Whilſt of ſome particular Knights I ſpake,
To whom I owe my Thanks; but 'twere not beſt
By Praiſing two or three, t' Accuſe the reſt;
Nor can I ſing that Order, or thoſe Men,
That are above the Myſtery of my Pen;
And private Fingers may not Touch thoſe Things
Whoſe Authors Princes are, whoſe Partners Kings:
Wherefore unburnt I will reſtrain the Fire,
Leſt hearing ſuch a Theame, I ſhould aſpire

T' in-

T' include my King and Prince, and so rehearse
Names fitter for my Prayer than My Verse:
He that will speak of Princes, let him use
More Grace than Wit, know God's above his Muse.
No more of Counsel, hark the Trumpets sound,
And the grave Organs with the Antheme drown'd;
The Church had said Amen to all their Rites,
And now the *Trojan*-Horse lets loose her Knights,
The triumph moves: O what could added be
Save your Success, to that Solemnity;
Which I expect, and doubt not but to see't,
When the K ngs Favour and your Worth shall meet,
I think the Robes will now become you so,
St. *George* himself would not his own Knights know
From the Lord *Mordant*: Pardon me that Preach
A Doctrine only that King *James* can Teach;
To whom I leave you, who alone hath Right
To make Knights Lords, and you a Lord a Knight.
Imagine now the Scene lies in the Hall,
(For at High Noon we are Recusants all)
The Church is Empty as the Bellies were
Of the Spectators that had languish'd there;

And

And now the Favourites of the Clerk o' th' Check,
Who oft had yawn'd, and ſtretch'd out many a Neck
'Twixt Morn and Evening, the dull Feeders on
Freſh Patience, and Rayſins of the Sun,
They who liv'd in the Hall five hours at leaſt,
As if 'twere an Arraignment, not a Feaſt;
And look ſo like the Hangings they ſtand near,
None could diſcern which the true Pictures were;
Theſe now ſhall be Refreſh'd, whiles the bold Drum
Strikes up his Frolick, through the Hall they come.
Here might I end, my Lord, and here Subſcribe
Your Honours to his power: But O what Bribe,
What Fear or Mulct can make my Muſe refrain,
When ſhe is urg'd of Nature or Diſdain?
Not all the Guard ſhall Hold me, I muſt Write
Though they both ſwear & lie, how they would fight
If I proceed: nay, though their Captain ſay
Hold him, or elſe you ſhall not Eat to day;
Theſe goodly Yeomen muſt not ſcape my Pen,
'Twas Dinner-time, and I muſt ſpeak of Men;
So to the Hall made I, with little care
To praiſe the Diſhes, or to taſte the Fare;

Much

Much leſs t' endanger the leaſt Tart, or Pye
By any Water there ſtoln, and ſet by ;
But to compute the Value of the Meat,
Which was for Glory, not for Hunger eat ;
Nor did I fear, Stand back : who paſs'd before
The Preſence, or the Privy-Chamber-door ;
But woe is me, the Guard (thoſe Men of War
But two Weapons do uſe, Beef, and the Bar)
Began to gripe me, knowing not in truth
That I had ſung *John Dory* in my Youth,
Or that I knew the Day when I could Chaunt,
Chivie, and *Arthur*, or the Siege of *Gaunt :*
And though theſe be the Vertues which muſt try
Who is moſt Worthy of their Courteſie,
They profited me nothing, for no Notes
Will move them now, they're deaf in their new cotes ;
Wherefore on run I, afreſh they fall, and ſhow
Themſelves more Active than before, as though
They had ſome Wager laid, and did Contend
Who ſhould Abuſe me furtheſt at Arms-end :
One I remember with a grizled Beard,
And better grown than any of the Heard ;

One

One (were he well Examin'd, and made look;
His Name in his own Pariſh and Church-Book)
Could hardly prove his Chriſtendom, and yet
It ſeems he had two Names, for there were ſet
On a White Calveskin-Doublet which he wore,
Two Capital Letters of a Name, before;
Letters belike which he had ſpu'd and ſpilt,
When the great Bumbard Leak'd, or was at Tilt;
This *Ironſide* takes hold, and ſuddenly
Hurles me, by judgment of the ſtanders by,
Some twelve Foot by the Square, takes me again
Out-throws it half a Bar; and thus we twain
At this hot Exerciſe an Hour had ſpent,
He the fierce Agent, I the Inſtrument:
My Man began to Rage, but I cry'd, Peace,
When he is Dry or Hungry he will ceaſe;
Peace for the Lords ſake *Nicholas*, leſt they take us,
And uſe us worſe than *Hercules* did *Cacus*.

And now I breath, my Lord, now have I time
To tell the Cauſe, and to confeſs the Crime:
I was in Black, a Scholar ſtraight they gueſs'd,
Indeed I Colour'd for it at the leaſt,

I ſpake them fair, deſir'd to ſee the Hall,
And gave them Reaſons for it, this was all;
By which I learn it is a main Offence,
So near the Clerk o' th' Check to utter Senſe:
Talk of your Emblems Maſters, and Relate
How *Æſop* hath it, and how *Alciate*,
The Cock, the Pearl, the Dunghil and the Gem,
This paſſeth all that Talk of Senſe to them.
Much more Good Service was committed yet,
Which I in ſuch a Tumult muſt forget,
But ſhall I ſmother that Prodigious fit,
Which paſt in clear Invention, and pure Wit?
As thus: A nimble Knave, though ſomewhat Fat,
Strikes on my Head, and fairly ſteals my Hat:
Another breaks a Jeſt, (well *Windſor*, well,
What will enſue, there's none can tell,
When they ſpend Wit, ſerve God) yet 'twas not much,
Although the Clamour and the Applauſe were ſuch,
As when Sir *Archy* or *Garret* doth provoke them,
And with wide Laughter and a cheat-Loaf choak them.

What

What was the Jeſt d' ye ask? I dare Repeat it,
And put it home before you ſhall entreat it;
He call'd me *Bloxford*-man, confeſs I muſt
'Twas bitter; and it griev'd me in a Thruſt
That moſt ingrateful word *Bloxford* to hear
From him, whoſe Breath yet ſtunk of *Oxford* Beer;
But let it paſs, for I have now paſs'd through
Their Halberds (& worſe weapons) their Teeth too,
And of a worthy Officer was invited
To Dine; who all their Rudeneſs hath requited,
Where we had Mirth and Meat, and a large Board
Furniſh'd with all the Kitchin could afford;
But to conclude, to wipe off from before ye
All this which is no better than a Story;
Had this Affront been done me by Command
Of noble *Fenton*, had their Captives hand
Directed them to this, I ſhould believe
I had no cauſe to Jeſt, but much to Grieve;
Or had diſcerning *Pembroke* ſeen this done,
And thought it well-beſtow'd, I would have run
Where no good man had dwelt, no learn'd ſhould flie,
Where no Diſeaſe would keep me Company,

Where

Where it ſhould be Preferment to endure
To Teach a School, or elſe to Serve a Cure.
But as it ſtands, the Perſons and the Cauſe
Conſidered well, my Manners and their Laws,
'Tis no Affliction to me, for even thus
Saint *Paul* hath Fought with Beaſts at *Epheſus*,
And I at *Windſor*; let this Comfort then
Reſt with all able and deſerving Men:
He that will pleaſe the Guard, and not provoke
Court-wits, muſt ſell his Learning, buy a Cloak:
" For at all Feaſts, & Maſques, the doom hath been,
" A Man thruſt forth, and a gay Cloak let in.

Quid immerentes hoſpites vexas Canis,
Ignavus adverſus lupos.

To the Duke of Buckingham, *being with the Prince in* Spain.

I'Ve read of Iſlands Floating and Remov'd
In *Ovids* time, but never ſaw it prov'd
Till now; that Fable by the Prince and you,
(By your Tranſporting *England*) is made true.
We are not where we were, the Dog-ſtar reigns
No Cooler in our Climate, than in *Spains*;
The ſelf-ſame Breath, ſame Age, ſame Heat, ſame Burning
Is here, and there, 'twill be till your Returning:
Come ere the Chards be Altered, elſe perhaps
Your Stay may make an Error in our Maps;
Leſt *England* will be found when you ſhall paſs,
A thouſand times more Southward than it was:
O that you were (my Lord) O that you were
Now in *Black-Friers*, or had a Diſguis'd Ear,

Or

Or you were Smith again two hours to be
In *Pauls* next Sunday, at Full Sea at three;
There you should hear the Legends of each day,
The Perils of your Inn, and of your Way,
Your Enterprizes, Accidents, until
You should Arrive at Court, and reach *Madril*.
There should you hear how the States Grandees flout you,
With their twice Diligence about you,
How one Inviron'd Prince walks with a Guard
Of *Spanish* Spies, and his own Servants barr'd;
How not a Chaplain of his Own may stay
When He would hear a Sermon Preach'd, or Pray.
You would be Hungry having Din'd to hear
The Price of Victual, and the Scarcity there;
As if the Prince had Ventured there his Life
To make a Famine, not to fetch a Wife.
Your Eggs (which must be Addle too) are dear
As *English* Capons, Capons as Sheep here;
No Grass for Horse or Cattle, for they say
It is not Cut and Made, Grass there grows Hay;

Then

Then 'tis ſo Seething Hot, they Swear
You never heard of one Raw Oyſter there;
Your Cold Meat comes in Reeking, there your Wine
Is all Burnt Sack, the Fire was in the Vine;
Item the Pullets are Diſtinguiſh'd there
Into Four Quarters, as we Branch the Year,
And are a Week a waſting; Munday noon
A Wing, at Supper ſomething with a Spoon;
Tueſday a Leg, and ſo forth, Sunday more,
The Liver and the Gizzards betwixt Four:
As for the Mutton, in the beſt Houſe-holder,
'Tis Felony to Cheapen a whole Shoulder:
Lord how our Stomacks come to us again,
When we conceive what Snatching is in *Spain!*
I whilſt I Write and do your News repeat,
Am forc'd to call for Break-faſt in, and eat:
And do you wonder at this Dearth, the while
The Flood that makes it runs i' th' Middle-Ile,
Poets of *Pauls*, theſe of Duke *Humfreys* Meſs,
That Feed on nought but Graves and Emptineſs?
But hark you Noble Sir, in one croſs Week,
My Lord hath loſt 4000 l. at Gleek;

And

And ſith they do Allow you little Meat,
They are Content your Loſſes ſhould be Great;
Falſe on my Deanery, falſer then your Fare is,
Or then the Difference with the Grand *d'Olivares*,
Which was Reported ſtrongly for one Tyde,
But after ſix hours Flowing, Eb'd and dy'd.
If God would not this Great Deſign ſhould be
Perfect and Round without ſome Knavery,
Nor that our Prince ſhould end this Enterprize,
But for ſo many Tales, ſo many Lyes:
If for a Good Intent the Heavens may pleaſe
Mens Tongues ſhould become rougher than the Seas,
And that th' Expence of Paper ſhould be ſuch,
Firſt Written, then Tranſlated out of *Dutch*,
Currants, Diaries, Packets, News, more News,
Which innocent Whiteneſs conſtantly Abuſe;
If firſt the *Belgick* Piſmire muſt be ſeen,
Before the *Spaniſh* Lady be our Queen,
With that Succeſs and ſuch an End at laſt,
All's Welcome, Pleaſant, Grateful that is paſt,
And ſuch an End I pray that you may ſee
A Type of that which Mother *Zebedee*

Wiſh'd

Wiſh'd for her ſons in Heaven, the Prince and you
At either hand of *James*, you need not ſue,
Him on the right, you on the left, the King
Safe in the midſt, you both invironing;
Then ſhall I tell my Lord his Words and Band
Are Forfeit till I Kiſs the Prince his Hand;
Then ſhall I tell the Duke, our Royal Friend,
How all your other Honours, this hath earn'd,
This you have wrought for, this you hammer'd out
Like a ſtrong Smith, good workman, and a ſtout;
In this I have a part, in this I ſee
Some new Addition ſmiling upon me;
Who in an humble manner crave my ſhare
In all your Greatneſs whatſoere they are.

R. Corbet.

Upon the Death of the Lady Haddington, *dying of the Small-Pox.*

DEar loſs! to tell the world I griev'd, were true,
But that were to bewayl my ſelf, not you.
That were to cry out Help for my Affairs,
For which nor publick thoughts nor private cares;
For when thy Fate I publiſh among Men,
I ſhould have power to write with the States pen.
I ſhould by naming Thee force Publick tears,
And bid their Eyes pay Ranſom for their Ears.
Firſt, thy whole Life was a ſhort Feaſt of Wit,
And Death th' Attendant which did Wait on it;
To both Mankind doth owe Devotion ample,
To That their firſt, to This their laſt Example.
And though 'twere fame enough with thee, where Fame
And Vertue 's nothing but an ample Name.

That

That thou wert Highly Born, which no man doubts,
And ſo might Swathe baſe Deeds in noble Clouts;
Yet thou thy Self in Titles didſt not ſhroud,
And being Noble, waſt not Foul, nor Proud:
And when thy Fruit was ripe, when all the Suit
Of all the longing Courtiers for thy Fruit,
How wiſely didſt thou chuſe four bleſſed Eyes,
The King's and Thine had taught thee to be wiſe.
Did not the beſt of Men the Virgin give
Into his Hands, by whom Himſelf did live?
Nor did They two years after talk of Force,
Or Lady-like, make Suit for a Divorce;
Who when their own vile Luſt is fully ſpent,
Cry out, My Lord, my Lord is Impotent;
Nor haſt Thou in his Nuptial Arms injoy'd
Barren embraces, but ſweet Girl'd and Boy'd;
'Twice pretty ones, twice worthy were their Youth,
Mightſt thou but bring them up, that broughtſt them forth;
She would have Taught them by a thouſand ſtrains,
Her Blood runs in their Manners, not their Veins;

That ry is a lye, State a grave ſport,
And Countrey-Sickneſs above Breath at Court;
Oh! what a want of her Loſs Gallants have,
Since ſhe hath charg'd her Window for a Grave;
From whence ſhe wont to dart her Wit ſo faſt,
And ſtick them in their Coaches as they paſt.
Who now ſhall make well-colour'd Vice look pale,
And a curl'd Meteor with her Eyes exhale,
And talk him into nothing, who ſhall dare
Tell barren Brain they live in Fertile Air?
Who now ſhall keep old Counteſſes in awe,
And by tart Similies Repentance draw
From theſe whom Preachers had given ore? ſome ſuch
Whom Sermons could not reach, her Arrows touch;
Hereafter Fools ſhall proſper with applauſe,
And Wiſe men Smile, and no man ask the cauſe;
He of Fourſcore, three Night-caps, and two Hairs,
Shall Marry her of Twenty, and get Heirs
Which ſhall be thought his own, and none ſhall ſay
But 'tis a wondrous Bleſſing, and he may.
Nor which is more than pitty, many a Knight
Who can do more than Quarrel, leſs than Fight,

Shall

Shall chooſe his Weapons, Ground, draw Seconds Thither,
Put up his Sword, and not be Laugh'd at neither:
O thou deform'd unwoman-like diſgrace,
Thou Plow'ſt up Fleſh and Blood, and there Sow'ſt Peace,
And leaves ſuch Print on Beauty if thou come,
As Clouted ſhoes do on a Floor of Lome;
Thou that of Faces Honey-combes doſt make,
And of two Breaſts two Collenders; forſake
Thy deadly Trade, thou art now Rich, give ore,
Or if thou needs wilt magnifie thy Power,
Go where thou art Invoked every hour;
Amongſt the Gameſters where they call thee thick
At the laſt Main, of the laſt Pocky Nick;
Get thee a Lodging where thy Clyents Dice,
There thou ſhalt practice on more than one Vice;
There's wherewithal to entertain the Pox,
There's more than Reaſon couſening for the Box:
Thou who haſt ſuch Superfluous ſtore of Gain,
Why ſtick'ſt thou on whoſe Ruine is thy Shame?

O thou haſt Murdered where thou ſhouldſt have Kiſt,
And where thy Shaft was needful, there thou miſt;
Thou ſhouldſt have choſen out ſome homely Face,
Where thy ill-favour'd Kindneſs might add Grace,
That Men might ſay, How beautious once was She,
Or what a Piece ere She was ſeis'd by Thee!
Thou ſhouldſt have wrought upon ſome Ladies Mould
That nere did love her Lord, nor never could
Until ſhe were Deform'd; this Cruelty
Were then within the Rule of Charity:
But upon One whoſe Beauty was above
All ſorts of Beauty, whoſe Love was more than Love,
On Her to fix Thy ugly Counterfeit,
Was to Erect a Pyramis of Jet,
And put out Fire to dig a Turf from Hell,
And place it where a bleſſed Soul ſhould dwell;
A Soul which in the Body would not ſtay,
When 'twas no more a Body nor good Clay,
But a high Ulcer; O thou Heavenly Race,
Thou Soul which ſhun'ſt th' Infection of thy caſe,

Thy House, thy Prison; O Soul, spotless, fair,
Rest where no Health, no Cold nor Compounds are,
Rest in that Countrey, and enjoy that ease
Which thy frail Flesh divides, and thy Disease.

R. Corbet.

A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewel, *or* God-a-mercy Will; *to be ſung or whiſtled, to the tune of the* Meadow Brow *by Learned; by the Unlearned, to the tune of* Fortune.

FArewel Rewards and Fairies,
Good Houſewives now may ſay,
For now foul Sluts in Dairies
Do fare as well as They;
And though they Sweep their Hearths no leſs
Then Maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for Cleanlineſs,
Finds Six pence in her Shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The Fairies loſt Command,
They did but Change Prieſts Babies,
But ſome have Chang'd your Land;

And

And all your Children ſtoln from thence
Are now grown *Puritans*,
Who live as Changlings ever ſince
For love of your Demains.

At Morning and at Evening both,
You Merry were and Glad;
So little care of Sleep and Sloath
Theſe pretty Ladies had:
When *Tom* came home from Labour,
Or *Ciſ* to Milking roſe;
Then merrily went their Tabor,
And nimbly went their Toes.

Witneſs thoſe Rings and Round-delayes
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were Footed in Queen *Maries* days
On many a graſſy Plain.
But ſince of late *Elizabeth*
And later *James* came in,
They never Danc'd on any Heath
As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the Old Profeſſion,
Their Songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their Dances were Proceſſion;
But now, alas, they all are Dead,
Or gone beyond the Seas,
Or further from Religion fled,
Or elſe they take their eaſe.

A Tell-tale in their Company
They never could endure,
And who ſo kept not ſecretly
Their Mirth, was puniſh'd ſure.
It was a Juſt and Chriſtian deed
To pinch ſuch Black and Blue;
O how the Commonwealth doth need
Such Juſtices as you!

Now they have left our Quarters,
A Regiſter they have,
Who can preſerve their Charters,
A Man both wiſe and grave.

An hundred of their merry Pranks,
By one that I could name,
Are kept in ſtore; con twenty Thanks
To *William* for the ſame.

To *William Churne* of *Staffordſhire*,
Give laud and praiſes due;
Who every Meal can mend your Chear
With Tales both Old and True.
To *William* all give Audience,
And pray you for his Noddle;
For all the Fairies Evidence
Were loſt if it were Addle.

T

To the Ghoſt of Rob. Wiſdome.

THou once a Body, now but Air,
Arch-botcher of a *Pſalm* or *Prayer*;
From *Carfaux* come,

And patch us up a Zealous Lay,
With an old *Ever and for Aye*,
Or all and ſome.

Or ſuch a Spirit lend me,
As may a *Hymn* down ſend me,
To purge my Brain.

So *Robert* look behind thee,
Leſt *Turk* or *Pope* do finde thee,
And go to Bed again.

An Epitaph *on* Tho. Jonce.

HEre for the nonce
Came *Thomas Jonce*,
In St. *Giles* Church to lye.

None *wish* before,
None *wishman* more,
Till *Shon clerk* die.

I'll Tole the Bell,
I'll Ring his Knell;
He Died well,
He's sav'd from Hell:
And so Farwel
Tom Jonce.

ON The Earl of DORSETS DEATH.

LEt no prophane ignoble Foot tread here,
This Hallowed piece of Earth, *Dorset* lyes There:
A small poor Relique of a Noble Spirit,
Free as the Air, and Ample as his Merit:
A Soul Refin'd, no Proud forgetting Lord,
But mindful of mean Names, and of his Word:
Who lov'd Men for his Honour, not his Ends,
And had the Noblest Way of getting Friends
By loving first, and yet who knew the Court,
But understood it better by Report
Than Practice: He nothing took from thence
But the Kings Favour for his Recompence.

Who for Religion, or his Countreys good,
Neither his Honour valued, nor his Blood.
Rich in the Worlds opinion, and Mens praise,
And full in all we could desire, but days.
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a Sigh for him, or shed a Tear,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied Fall,
And want a Mourner at his Funeral.

R. Corbet.

ON HENRY BOLINGS.

IF Gentleneſs could tame the Fates, or Wit
Deliver man, *Bolings* had not Di'd yet:
But One which over us in Judgment ſits,
Doth ſay our Sins are ſtronger than our Wits.

R. Corbet.

The Authors Anſwer.

SO to dead *Hector* Boys may do Diſgrace,
That durſt not look upon his living Face.
So Worſt of Men behind their Betters back,
May ſtretch Mens Names and Credit on the Rack.
Good Friend, our general Tye to him that's gone,
Should love the Man that yearly doth him Mone:

Th

The Authors Zeal and Place he now doth hold,
His Love and Duty makes him be thus bold
To offer this poor Mite, his Anniverſe
Unto his good great Maſters ſacred Herſe:
The which he doth with priviledge of Name,
Whilſt others 'midſt their Ale in Corners blame.
A Penny-worth in Print they never made,
Yet think themſelves as good as *Pond* or *Dade*,
One Anniverſe; when thou haſt done thus twice,
Thy Words among the Beſt will be of *Price*.

Dr. *Price*.

A

A Reply.

NOr is it griev'd (grave Youth) the Memorie
Of ſuch a Story, ſuch a Book as he,
That ſuch a Copy through the World were read;
Henry yet lives, though he be buried;
It could be wiſh'd that every Day could bear
Him our good Witneſs that he ſtill were here;
That Sorrow rul'd the year; and by that Sun
(Such Man) could tell you how the day had run.
O 'twere an honeſt Cauſe for him, could ſay,
I have been buſie, and wept out the day
Remembring him; an Epitaph would laſt,
Were ſuch a Trophee, ſuch a Banner plac'd
Upon his Herſe as this: Here a Man lyes
Was ſlain by *Henry*'s Dart, not Deſtinies.
But for a Cobler to throw up his Cap,
And cry, The Prince, the Prince: O dire miſhap!
Or a *Geneva*-Bridegroom, after Grace,
To throw his Spouſe i'th' Fire, or ſcratch her Face,

To

To the Tune o' th' Lamentation, and delay
His Friday-Capon till the Sabbath day:
Or an old Popiſh-Lady half Vow'd Dead,
To Faſt away the Day with Ginger-bread:
For him to write ſuch Annals: All theſe things
Do open Laughter, and ſhut up Griefs ſprings.
Wherefore *Vertumnus*, if you Print the next,
Bring better Votes, or chuſe a meaner Text.

R. Corbet.

A NEW-YEARS GIFT To my Lord Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WHen I can Pay my Parents, or my King,
For Life, or Peace, or any dearer Thing;
Then, Deareſt Lord, expect my Debt to you
Shall be as truly Paid, as it is Due.
But, as no other Price, or Recompence
Serves them, but Love, and my Obedience:
So nothing Pays my Lord, but what's above
The reach of Hands, 'tis Vertue, and my Love.
" For, when as Goodneſs doth ſo over-flow,
" The Conſcience binds not to reſtore, but owe.
Requital were Preſumption; and you may
Call me Ungrateful, while I ſtrive to Pay.

No

Nor with a Moral Leſſon do I ſhift,
Like one that meant to Save a better Gift;
Like very Poor, or counterfeit Poor-men,
Who to Preſerve their Turky, or their Hen,
Do offer up themſelves: No, I have ſent
A kind of Gift will Laſt by being Spent,
Thanks Sterling: far above the *Bullion* Rate
Of Horſes, Hangings, Jewels, or of Plate:
O you that know the Chooſing of that One,
Know a true *Diamond* from a *Briſtol-ſtone*;
You know thoſe Men always are not the Beſt
In their Intent, that loudeſt can Proteſt:
But that a Prayer from the Convocation,
Is better than the Commons Proteſtation.
Truſt thoſe that at the Teſt their Lives will lay,
And know no Arts, but to *Deſerve* and *Pray*:
Whilſt they that Buy Preferment without Praying,
Begin with *Broyles*, and Finiſh with *Betraying*.

A Certain Poem,

As it was presented in Latine by Divines and others, before His Majesty in Cambridge, *by way of Enterlude, stiled,* Liber novus de adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam. *Faithfully done into English, with some Liberal Additions.*

IT is not yet a Fortnight, since
Lutetia entertain'd our Prince,
And vented hath a studied Toy,
As long as was the Siege of *Troy*:
And spent her self for full Five Days
In *Speeches*, *Exercise*, and *Plays*.

To trim the Town, great care before
Was tane by th' Lord *Vice-Chancellour*,
Both Morn and Even he clean'd the Way,
The Streets he Gravell'd thrice a day:
One strike of *March-dust* for to see,
No *Proverb* would give more than he.

Their Colledges were new be-painted,
Their Founders eke were new be-Sainted;
Nothing escap'd, nor Post, nor Door,
Nor Gate, nor Rail, nor Bawd, nor Whore:
You could not know (Oh strange mishap!)
Whether you saw the *Town* or *Map*.

But the pure House of *Emanuel*
Would not be like proud *Jesabel*,
Nor shew her self before the King
An Hypocrite, or *painted* Thing:
But, that the Ways might all prove fair
Conceiv'd a tedious Mile of Prayer.

Upon the look'd-for Seventh of *March*,
Outwent the Townsmen all in Starch,
Both Band and Beard, into the Field,
Where one a Speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his Stile,
The King being from him half a Mile.

They

They gave the King a piece of Plate,
Which they hop'd never came too late;
But cry'd, Oh! look not in, Great King,
For there is in it juſt Nothing:
And ſo prefer'd with Tune and Gate,
A Speech as Empty as their Plate.

Now, as the King came neer the Town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas poor *Oxford*, thou 'rt undone,
For now the King 's paſt *Trompington*,
And Rides upon his brave Gray Dapple,
Seeing the Top of *Kings-Colledge* Chappel.

Next Rode his Lordſhip on a Nag,
Whoſe Coat was blue, whoſe Ruff was ſhag,
And then began his Reverence
To ſpeak moſt eloquent Non-ſenſe:
See how (quoth he) Moſt Mighty Prince,
For very Joy my Horſe doth Wince.

What cryes the Town? What we? (ſaid he)
What cryes the Univerſity?
What cry the Boys? What ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the King:
And ev'ry Period he bedecks
With *En & Ecce venit Rex.*

Oft have I warn'd (quoth he) our Dirt
That no Silk Stockings ſhould be hurt;
But, we in vain ſtrive to be fine,
Unleſs your Graces Sun doth ſhine;
And with the beams of your bright Eye,
You will be pleas'd our Streets to dry.

Now come we to the Wonderment
Of *Chriſtendom*, and eke of *Kent*,
The *Trinity*; which to ſurpaſs,
Doth deck her Spokeſman by a Glaſs:
Who, clad in Gay and Silken Weeds,
Thus opes his Mouth, hark how he ſpeeds.

I wonder what your Grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,
And this your Son, fair *Carolus*,
That is ſo *Jacobiſſimus*:
Here's none, of all, your Grace refuſes,
You are moſt welcome to our Muſes.

Although we have no Bells to jangle,
Yet can we ſhew a fair Quadrangle,
Which, though it ne're was grac'd with King,
Yet ſure it is a goodly thing:
My warning 's ſhort, no more I'le ſay,
Soon you ſhall ſee a gallant Play.

But nothing was ſo much admir'd,
As were their Plays ſo well attir'd;
Nothing did win more praiſe of mine,
Then did their Actors moſt Divine:
So did they drink their Healths divinely,
So did they Dance and Skip ſo finely.

Their Plays had ſundry grave wiſe Factors,
A perfect Dioceſs of Actors
Upon the Stage; for I am ſure that
There was both Biſhop, Paſtor, Curat:
Nor was their Labour light, or ſmall,
The Charge of ſome was Paſtoral.

Our Plays were certainly much Worſe,
For they had a brave Hobby-horſe,
Which did preſent unto his Grace
A wondrous witty Ambling pace:
But we were chiefly ſpoyl'd by that
Which was ſix hours of *God knows what*.

His Lordſhip then was in a Rage,
His Lordſhip lay upon the Stage,
His Lordſhip cry'd, All would be marr'd:
His Lordſhip lov'd a-life the Guard,
And did invite thoſe Mighty Men,
To what think you? Even to a *Hen*.

He knew he was to uſe their Might
To help to keep the Door at Night,
And well beſtow'd he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth *Oxford* Men:
He thought it did become a Lord
To threaten with that Bug-bear word.

Now paſs we to the Civil Law,
And eke the Doctors of the Spaw,
Who all perform'd their parts ſo well,
Sir *Edward Ratcliff* bore the Bell,
Who was, by the Kings own appointment,
To ſpeak of Spells, and Magick Ointment.

The Doctors of the Civil Law
Urg'd ne're a reaſon worth a Straw;
And though they went in Silk and Satten,
They *Thomſon*-like clip'd the Kings Latine;
But yet his Grace did Pardon then
All Treaſons againſt *Priſcian*.

Here

Here no man ſpake ought to the Point,
But all they ſaid was out of Joint;
Juſt like the Chappel ominous
In th' Colledge called *God with us*:
Which truly doth ſtand much awry,
Juſt North and South, *yes verily*.

Philoſophers did well their parts,
Which prov'd them Maſters of their Arts;
Their Moderator was no Fool,
He far from *Cambridge* kept a School:
The Country did ſuch ſtore afford,
The Proctors might not ſpeak a word.

But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,
And of the Court the Town was eas'd:
Yet *Oxford* though (dear Siſter) hark yet,
The King is gone but to *New-market*,
And comes again e're it be long,
Then you may make another Song.

The King being gone from *Trinity*,
They make a Scramble for Degree;
Masters of all sorts, and all Ages,
Keepers, Subcizers, Lackeyes, Pages,
Who all did throng to come aboard,
With *Pray make me* now, *Good my Lord.*

They prest his Lordship wondrous hard,
His Lordship then did want the Guard;
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he Blest them all at once,
And cryed, *Hodiissimè:*
Omnes Magistri estote.

Nor is this all which we do sing,
For of your praise the World must ring:
Reader, unto your Tackling look,
For there is coming forth a Book
Will spoyl *Joseph Barnesius*
The Sale of *Rex Platonicus.*

T

TO THE NEW-BORN PRINCE,

Upon the Apparition of a Star, *and the following Eclipse.*

WAs Heav'n afraid to be out-done on Earth
When thou wert Born, great Prince, that it brought forth
Another Light to help the aged Sun,
Leſt by Thy Luſtre he might be out-ſhone?
Or were th' obſequious Stars ſo joy'd to view
Thee, that they thought their countleſs Eyes too few
For ſuch an Object; and would needs Create
A better Influence to attend thy State?
Or would the Fates thereby ſhew to the Earth
A *Cæſars* Birth, as once a *Cæſars* Death?

And was't that News that made pale *Cynthia* run
In ſo great haſte to intercept the Sun;
And enviouſly, ſo ſhe might gain thy Sight,
Would darken him from whom ſhe had her Light?
Myſterious prodigies, yet ſure they be
Prognoſticks of a rare Proſperity:
For can thy Life promiſe leſs good to Men,
Whoſe Birth was th' Envy, and the Care of Heaven?

On

On the Birth *of the young* Prince CHARLES.

WHen Private-men get Sons, they get a Spoon
Without Eclipſe, or any Star at Noon:
When Kings get Sons, they get withal Supplies
And Succours, far beyond all Subſidies.
Welcome God's Loan, thou Tribute to the State,
Thou Money newly coyn'd, thou Fleet of Plate;
Thrice happy Child, whom God thy Father ſent,
To make him Rich without a Parliament.

The Distracted

PURITANE.

AM I Mad, O Noble *Festus*,
When Zeal and Godly Knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the Colledge?
Boldly I Preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rotchets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your Heads with Crotchets.

In the House of pure *Emanuel*
I had my Education,
Where my Friends furnish
I dazel'd mine Eyes
With the Light of Revelation,
Boldly I Preach, &c.

The

They Bound me like a Bedlam,
They Lash'd my four poor Quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs:
Boldly I Preach, &c.

These Injuries I suffer
Through Antichrists perswasions;
Take off this Chain,
Neither *Rome* nor *Spaine*
Can resist my strong Invasions.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

Of the Beasts ten Horns (God bless us)
I have knock'd off Three already:
If they let me alone,
I'll leave him none:
But they say, I am too Heady.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

When

When I Sack'd the Seven-hill'd City,
I met the great Red Dragon,
I kept him aloof,
With the Armour of Proof,
Though here I have never a Rag on.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

With a Fiery Sword and Target
There fought I with this Monſter:
But the Sons of Pride
My Zeal deride,
And all my Deeds miſconſter.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

I unhors'd the Whore of *Babel*
With a Lance of Inſpirations:
I made her ſtink,
And ſpill her Drink
In the Cup of Abominations.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

I have ſeen Two in a Viſion,
With a flying Book between them:
I have been in deſpair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading *Greenham.*
Boldly I Preach, &c.

I obſerv'd in *Perkins* Tables
The black Lines of Damnation:
Thoſe crooked Veins
So ſtuck in my Brains,
That I fear'd my Reprobation.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

In the holy Tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefeſt Pleaſure,
Till I prick'd my Foot
With an Hebrew-Root,
That I Bled beyond all meaſure.
Boldly I Preach, &c.

I appear'd before the Archbiſhop,
And all the High Commiſſion:
I gave him no Grace,
But told him to his Face
That he favour'd Superſtition.
Boldly I Preach, hate a Croſs, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rotchets:
Come hear me Pray, nine times a day,
And fill your Heads with Crotchets.

UPON

UPON
Faireford WINDOWES.

TEll me, you Anti-Saints, why Braſs
With you is ſhorter-liv'd than Glaſs?
And why the Saints have ſcap'd their Falls
Better from Windows, than from Walls?
Is it becauſe the Brethrens Fires
Maintain a Glaſs-houſe at *Black-Fryers?*
Next which the Church ſtands North and South,
And Eaſt and Weſt the Preachers mouth.
Or is't becauſe ſuch Painted Ware
Reſembles ſomething that you are,
So Pyde, ſo Seeming, ſo Unſound
In Manners and in Doctrine found,
That, out of Emblematick Wit,
You Spare your ſelves in Sparing it?

If it be ſo, then *Fairford* boaſt
Thy Church hath Kept what all have Loſt,
And is Preſerved from the bane
Of either War or Puritane,
Whoſe Life is colour'd in thy Paint,
The inſide Droſs, the outſide Saint.

On

On Christ-Church *PLAY* *at* Woodstock.

IF we at *Woodstock* have not pleaſed Thoſe,
Whoſe clamorous Judgments lie in urging *No's*,
And, for the want of *Whiffers*, have deſtroy'd
Th' Applauſe, which we with *Vizards* had enjoy'd,
We are not ſorry; for ſuch Wits as theſe
Libel our *Windows* oftner than our *Plays*;
Or, if their Patience be mov'd, whoſe Lips
Deſerve the Knowledge of the Proctorſhips,
Or judge by Houſes, as their Houſes go,
Not caring if their Cauſe be good or no;
Nor by Deſert or Fortune can be drawn
To Credit us, for fear they loſe their Pawn;
We are not greatly ſorry: but if any
Free from the Yoke of the ingaged many,

That

That dare ſpeak Truth, even when their *Head* ſtands by,
Or when the *Seniors* Spoon is in the *Py*;
Nor to commend the worthy will forbear,
Though he of *Cambridge*, or of *Chriſt-Church* were,
And not of his own Colledge; and will ſhame
To wrong the Perſon, for his Houſe, or Name;
If any ſuch be griev'd, then down proud Spirit;
If not, know, *Number* never conquer'd *Merit*.

TO

TO THE *LADIES* OF THE NEW-DRESSE,

That wear their Gorgets and Railes down to their Waſtes.

LAdies, that wear *black* Cypreſs-Vails
Turn'd lately to *white* Linnen-rayls,
And to your Girdle wear your Eands,
And ſhew your *Arms* inſtead of *Hands*:
What can you do in *Lent* ſo meet
As, fitteſt dreſs, to *wear a Sheet?*
'Twas once a *Band*, 'tis now a *Cloak*;
An Acorn one day proves an Oak:

Wear

Wear but your Linnen to your Feet,
And then your *Band* will prove a *Sheet*.
By which Device, and wise Excess,
You'll do your Penance in a Dress;
And none shall know, by What they see,
Which Lady's *censur'd*, and which *free*.

A

A Poem *upon* Tom Coriatt's *Crudities*, *in commendation of the Author and Work:*

I Do not wonder, *Coriatt*, that thou haſt
Over the *Alps*, through *France* and *Savoy* paſt,
Parch'd on thy Skin, and Foundred in thy Feet,
Faint, Thirſty, Lowzy, and didſt live to ſee't.
Though theſe are *Romant-ſufferings*, and do ſhow
What Creatures back thou hadſt, could carry ſo.
All I Admire is thy Return, and how
Thy ſlender Paſterns could thee bear, when now
Thy Obſervations which thy Brain ingendred,
Have ſtuſt thy maſſie and voluminous Head
With *Mountains*, *Abbies*, *Churches*, *Synagogues*,
Preputial Offals, and *Dutch Dialogues*:
A Burthen far more grievous than the Weight
Of *Wine* or *Sleep*, more vexing than the Freight
Of Fruit and Oyſters, which lade many a Pate,
And ſend Folks crying home from *Billingſgate*.

No

No more ſhall *Man with Mortar on his Head*
Set forward toward *Rome:* no, thou art bred
A terror to all Footmen, and all Porters,
And all Lay-men that will turn Jews-exhorters,
To flie their conquered Trade. Proud *England* then
Embrace this * *Luggage*, which the *Man of Men*
Hath Landed here, and change thy *Welladay*
Into ſome Home-ſpun Welcome *Rounde-lay:*
Send of this Stuff, thy Territories through,
To *Ireland*, *Wales*, and Scottiſh *Edenbrough*,
There let this Book be read and underſtood,
Where is no Theam nor Writer half ſo Good.

* *Tom Coriatt's Book.*

An Exhortation *to Mr.* John Hammon, *Miniſter in the Pariſh of* Bewdly, *for the battering down of the* Vanities *of the* Gentiles, *which are comprehended in a* MAY-POLE.

Written by a zealous Brother *from the* Black-Friers.

THe mighty *Zeal* which thou haſt new put on,
Neither by *Prophet* nor by *Prophets-Son*
As yet prevented, doth tranſport me ſo
Beyond my ſelf, that, though I ne're could go
Far in a Verſe, and all *Rhimes* have defi'd
Since *Hopkins* and old *Thomas Sternhold* di'd,

(Except

(Except it were that little Pains I took
To pleaſe good People in a *Prayer-Book*
That I ſet forth, or ſo) yet muſt I raiſe
My Spirit for thee, who ſhall in thy praiſe
Gird up her Loyns, and furiouſly run
All kind of *Feet*, ſave Satans *cloven one*.
Such is thy Zeal, ſo well doſt thou expreſs it,
That (were 't not like a Charm) I'de ſay, *Chriſt bleſs it*.
I needs muſt ſay, 'Tis a *Spiritual* thing
To Rail againſt a *Biſhop*, or the *King*:
Nor are they mean Adventures we have been in
About the wearing of the Churches *Linen*:
But theſe are private Quarrels; this doth fall
Within the compaſs of the *general*.
Whether it be a Pole *painted*, or *wrought*
Far otherwiſe than from the Wood 'twas brought,
Whoſe Head the Idol-makers hand doth crop,
Where a lewd *Bird* towring upon the top,
Looks like the *Calf* at *Horeb*; at whoſe Root
The unyoak'd Youth doth exerciſe his Foot;

C

Or whether it reſerve his Boughs, befriended
By Neighb'ring Buſhes, and by them attended:
How canſt thou chuſe but ſeeing it, complain,
That *Baal's* Worſhip'd in the Groves again?
Tell me how curſt an Egging, what a Sting
Of Luſt do their unweildy Dances bring?
The ſimple Wretches ſay they mean no Harm:
They no not, ſurely; but their Actions warm
Our purer Bloods the more: for Satan thus
Tempts us the more, that are more Righteous.
Oft hath a *Brother* moſt ſincerely gon,
Stifled in *Prayer* and *Contemplation*,
When lighting on the Place where ſuch repair,
He views the *Nymphs*, and is quite out in's *Prayer*.
Oft hath a *Siſter*, grounded in the Truth,
Seeing the jolly Carriage of the Youth,
Been tempted to the Way that's broad and bad;
And (were't not for our private Pleaſures) had
Renounc'd her *little Ruff*, and *goggle Eye*,
And quit her ſelf of the *Fraternity*.
What is the Mirth, what is the Melody
That ſets them in this *Gentiles* Vanity?

When in our Synagogue we Rail at Sin,
And tell men of their Faults which they are in,
With Hand and Voice so following our Theams,
That we put out the Side-men from their Dreams;
Sounds not the Pulpit, which we then be-labour,
Better and Holier than doth the Tabor?
Yet such is Unregenerate Mans folly,
He loves the Wicked Noise, and hates the Holy.
Routs and wild Pleasures do invite Temptation,
And this is Dangerous for our Damnation;
We must not *move our selves*, but, if w' are mov'd,
Man is but Man; and therefore those that lov'd
Still to seem good, would evermore dispence
With their *own* Faults, so they gave no *Offence*.
If the Times sweet entising, and the Blood
That now begins to Boyl, have thought it good
To challenge Liberty and Recreation,
Let it be done in *Holy Contemplation*:
Brothers and *Sisters* in the Fields may Walk,
Beginning of the *Holy word* to Talk,
Of *David* and *Uriahs* lovely Wife,
Of *Thamar* and her Lustful Brothers strife.

Then

Then, underneath the Hedge that woo's them next,
They may *ſit down*, and there *Act* out the *Text*.
Nor do we Want, how ere we live Auſteer,
In Winter *Sabbath-nights* our luſty Cheer;
And though the *Paſtors* Grace, which oft doth hold
Half an Hour long, make the Proviſion cold,
We can be merry; thinking 't nere the worſe
To mend the matter at the *ſecond Courſe*.
Chapters are *read*, and *Hymnes* are ſweetly *ſung*,
Joyntly commanded by the *Noſe* and *Tongue*;
Then on the Word we diverſly dilate,
Wrangling indeed for heat of *Zeal*, not *Hate*:
When at the length an unappeaſed Doubt
Fiercely *comes in*, and then the Light *goes out*.
Darkneſs thus works our Peace, and we contain
Our fiery Spirits till we See again.
Till then no Voice is heard, no Tongue doth go,
Except a *tender* Siſter *ſhreik*, or ſo.
Such ſhould be our delights, *grave* and *demure*,
Not ſo *abominable*, not ſo *impure*
As thoſe thou ſeek'ſt to hinder. But I fear
Satan will be too ſtrong; his kingdom's here.

Few are the Righteous now, nor do I know
How we ſhall e're this *Idol* overthrow;
Since our ſincereſt *Patron* is deceas'd,
The number of the Righteous is decreas'd.
But we do hope theſe Times will on, and breed
A Faction *mighty* for us; for indeed,
We labour all, and every Siſter joyns
To have Regenerate Babes ſpring from our Loyns:
Beſides what Many carefully have done,
Getting the Unrighteous Man, a Righteous Son.
Then ſtoutly on, let not thy Flock range lewdly,
In their old Vanity, thou Lamp of *Bawdly*.
One thing, I pray thee, do not too much Thirſt
After *Idolatries* laſt Fall; but firſt
Follow this Suit more cloſe, let it not go
Till it be Thine as thou would'ſt have't: for ſo
Thy Succeſſors, upon the ſame Entail,
Hereafter, may take up the *Whitſon-Ale*.

An ELEGY *upon the Death of* *Queen* ANNE.

NO! not a quatch, ſad Poets! doubt you
There is not Grief enough without you?
Or that it will Aſſwage ill News,
To ſay, *She*'s Dead, that was your *Muſe*?
Joyn not with Death to make theſe Times
More grievous than moſt grievous Rimes.
And if 't be poſſible, Dear Eyes,
The famous Univerſities,
If Both your Eyes be Matches, Sleep;
Or, if you will be Loyal, Weep:
Forbear the Preſs, there's None will look
Before the Mart for a New Book.
Why ſhould you tell the World what Wits
Grow at *New Parks*, or *Campus Pits*?
Or what Conceits Youth ſtumble on,
Taking the Air towards *Trumpington*?

Nor you Grave Tutors, who do temper
Your long and ſhort with *Que* and *Semper* ;
O do not when your own are done,
Make for my Ladies eldeſt Son
Verſes, which he will turn to Proſe,
When he ſhall Read what you Compoſe :
Nor for an Epithite that fails,
Bite off your Unpoëtick Nails.
Unjuſt ! why ſhould you in theſe vains,
Puniſh your Fingers for your Brains ?
Know henceforth that Griefs vital part
Conſiſts in Nature, not in Art :
And Verſes that are Studied,
Mourn for Themſelves, not for the Dead.
Heark, the Queens Epitaph ſhall be
No other than her Pedigree :
For Lines in Blood cut out are ſtronger
Than Lines in Marble, and laſt longer.
And ſuch a Verſe ſhall never Fade,
That is Begotten, and not Made.
" Her Father, Brother, Husband, Kings ;
" Royal Relations ! From her ſprings

" A

" A Prince and Princeſs, and from Thoſe,
" Fair Certainties, and rich Hope grows.
Here's Poetry ſhall be Secure,
While *Britain*, *Denmark*, *Rhine* endure.
Enough on Earth; what Purchaſe higher,
Save Heav'n, to perfect her Deſire?
And as a ſtraying Star intic't,
And Govern'd thoſe Wiſe Men to Chriſt:
Ev'n ſo a Herauld Star this Year
Did beckon to Her to appear.
A Star which did not to our Nation
Portend her Death, but her Tranſlation;
For when ſuch Harbingers are ſeen,
God Crowns a Saint, not Kills a Queen.

" A

On the Lady
ARABELLA.

HOw do I Thank thee, Death, and Bleſs thy Power,
That I have paſt the Guard, and ſcap'd the Tower!
And now my Pardon is my Epitaph,
And a ſmall Coffin my poor Carkaſs hath;
For at thy Charge, both Soul and Body were
Enlarg'd at laſt, ſecur'd from Hope and Fear.
That amongſt *Saints*, This amongſt *Kings* is laid,
And what my *Birth* did Claim, my *Death* hath Paid.

Dr.

Dr. Corbets *Journey into*

FRANCE.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Nor yet to learn to Cringe nor Dance,
Nor yet to Ride or Fence;

Nor did I go like one of Thoſe
That do Return with half a Noſe
They carried from hence.

But I to *Paris* rode along,
Much like *John Dory* in the Song,
Upon a Holy Tide,

I on an Ambling Nag did Jet,
I truſt he is not Paid for yet;
And Spur'd him on each ſide.

And to Saint *Dennis* fast we came,
To see the Sights of *Nostre Dame*,
The man that shews them Snaffles:

Where who is apt for to beleeve,
May see our Ladies Right-arm Sleeve,
And eke her old Pantofles;

Her Breast, her Milk, her very Gown
That she did Wear in *Bethlehem* Town,
When in the Inn she lay.

Yet all the World knows that's a Fable,
For so good Clothes ne're lay in Stable
Upon a lock of Hay.

No Carpenter could by his Trade
Gain so much Coyn as to have made
A Gown of so rich Stuff.

Yet they poor Fools, think for their Credit,
They may believe old *Joseph* did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the Crosses Nails,
Which who so Sees, his Bonnet vails,
And if he will, may Kneel.

Some say 'twas False, 'twas never so,
Yet Feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as Steele.

There is a Lanthorn which the *Jews*,
When *Judas* led them forth, did use,
It weighs my Weight down right:

But to believe it, you must think,
The *Jews* did put a Candle in't,
And then 'twas very Light.

There's

There's one Saint there hath loſt his Noſe;
Another's Head, but not his Toes,
His Elbow and his Thumb.

But when that we had ſeen the Rags,
We went to th' Inn and took our Nags,
And ſo away did come.

We came to *Paris* on the Green,
'Tis wondrous Fair, 'tis nothing Clean,
'Tis *Europes* greateſt Town.

How Strong it is I need not Tell it,
For all the World may eaſily Smell it,
That Walk it up and down.

There many ſtrange Things are to ſee,
The Palace and great Gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:

The

The New Bridge and the Statues there,
At *Noſtre Dame*, *Saint Q. Pater*,
The Steeple bears the Bell.

For Learning, th' Univerſitie;
And for old Clothes, the Frippery;
The Houſe the Queen did build.

Saint *Innocents*, whoſe Earth devours
Dead Corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the King was kill'd:

The *Boſs-hill* and Saint *Dennis*-ſtreet,
The *Shafteſbiſt* like *London*-Fleet,
The *Arſenal*, no toy.

But if you'll ſee the Prettieſt Thing,
Go to the Court and ſee the King,
O 'tis a hopeful Boy.

He is of all his Dukes and Peers
Reverenc'd for much Wit at 's Years,
Nor muſt you think it much;

For he with little Switch doth play,
And make fine dirty Pyes of Clay,
O never King made ſuch.

A Bird that can but kill a Fly,
Or Prate, doth pleaſe his Majeſty,
'Tis known to every one.

The Duke of *Guiſe* gave him a Parret,
And he had twenty Cannons for it
For his new Galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap
To get the Bird which in the Map
Is called the Indian Ruck.

I'de give it Him, and hope to be
As Rich as *Guire* or *Livine*,
Or elſe I had ill luck.

Birds about his Chamber ſtand,
And he them Feeds with his own Hand,
'Tis his Humility.

And if they do Want any thing,
They need but Whiſtle for their King,
And he comes preſently.

But now then, for theſe Parts he muſt
Be enſtiled *Lewis the Juſt*,
Great Henry's *Lawful Heir*;

When to his Stile to add more Words,
They'd better call him *King of Birds*,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath beſides a pretty Quirk,
Taught him by Nature, how to Work
In Iron with much eaſe.

Sometimes to the Forge he goes,
There he Knocks, and there he Blows,
And makes both Locks and Keys:

Which puts a Doubt in every one,
Whether he be *Mars* or *Vulcan*'s Son,
Some few believe his Mother.

But let them all ſay what they will,
I came Reſolv'd, and ſo think ſtill,
As much the one, as th' other.

The People too Diſlike the Youth,
Alledging Reaſons, for in truth,
Mothers ſhould honour'd be:

Yet

Yet others ſay, He loves Her rather
As well as ere She lov'd his Father,
And that's Notoriouſly.

His Queen a pretty little Wench,
Was Born in *Spain*, Speaks little French,
She's nere like to be Mother:

For her Inceſtuous Houſe could not
Have Children which were not Begot
By Uncle or by Brother.

Now why ſhould *Lewis*, being ſo Juſt,
Content himſelf to take his Luſt
With his *Lucina*'s Mate;

And ſuffer His little pretty Queen
From all her Race, that yet hath been
So to Degenerate?

'Twere

'Twere Charity for to be known
To Love others Children as his own,
And why? it is no ſhame;

Unleſs that He would Greater be
Than was his Father *Henry*,
Who, Men thought, did the ſame.

FINIS.